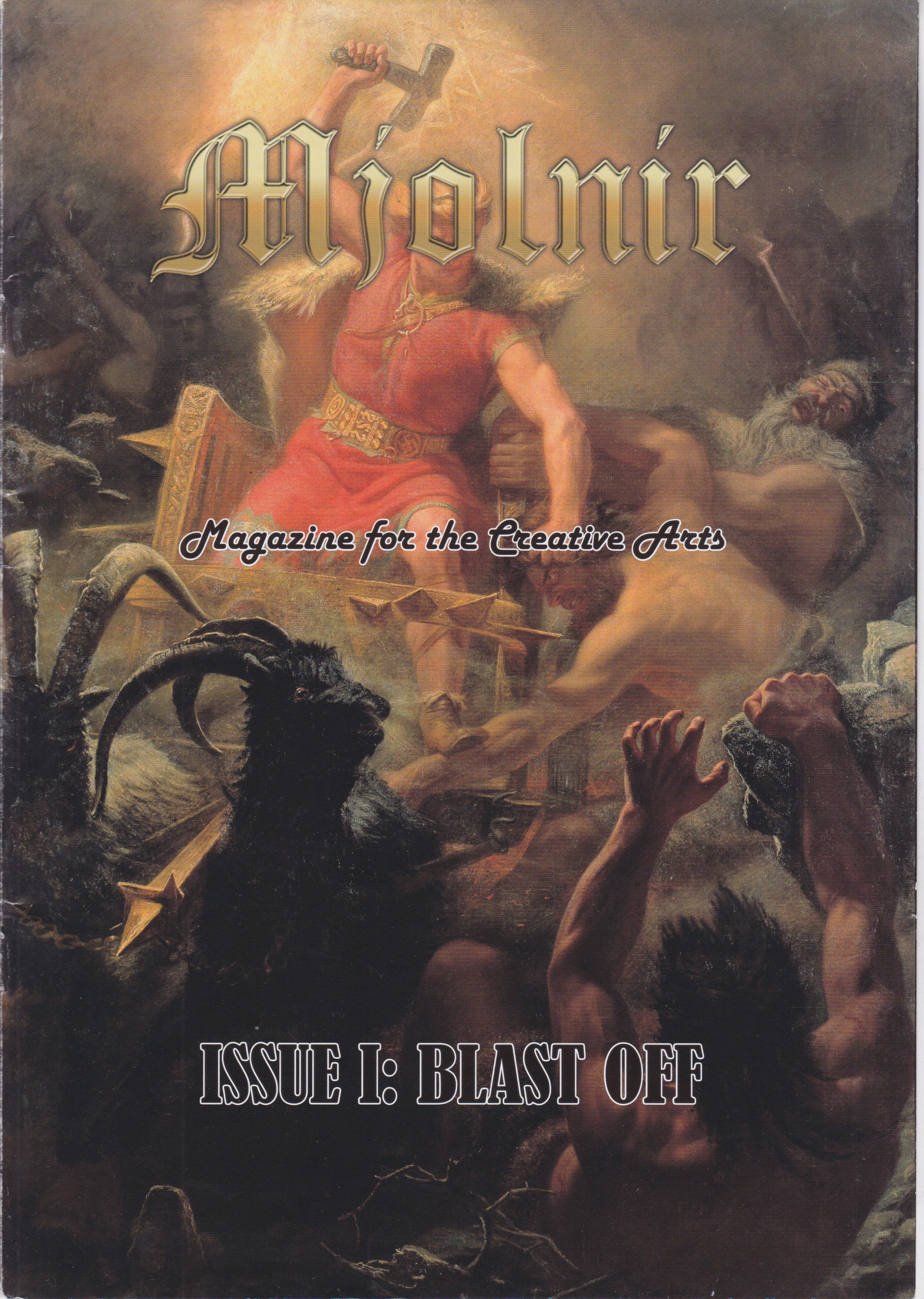
Mjolnir

Magazine for the Creative Arts



ISSUE I: BLAST OFF

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Front Cover: Tors Strid med Jätterna by Mårten Eskil Winge
Back Cover: Åsgardeien by Peter Nicolai Arbo

Blast...

Marxists, who have the minds of insects and their vision of utopia is the anthill.

Marxists again, for creating the same kind of religion they claim to abhor.

Oscar Wilde, for claiming his pederasty as art.

Stephen Fry, for claiming Oscar Wilde's paedophilia as homosexuality.

Jacob Rees-Mogg, for his frail and wobbly lower jaw. Just keep your head down and pull the covers right up tight at night and everything'll be just hunky dory, I'm sure.

Andy Warhol and Valerie Solanas, for not getting married and mending old wounds.

Denmark, for not producing enough bacon to keep the fiends at bay.

Vincent Kennedy McMahon, for turning a sacred sport and art form into a blend of Billy Smart's and a Democrat Party conference.

White self-haters who don't have the courage of their convictions. Don't just apologise, go kill yourselves.

the editor of this magazine, for his drunkenness when writing this page. All those mentioned here wishing to sue for defamation of character should bear this in mind before any hasty decision. Also bear in mind that said editor is absolutely skint after producing said magazine.

Bless...

Hope Not Hate, Antifa and UAF for providing the semi-human detritus that proves human inequality.

far-right extremists, for they were once the mainstream. Hey, how did that happen?

Damien Hirst, Tracey Emin and Mat Collishaw for making my emperor new clothes.

Gregory Lauder-Frost for his firmness of lower jaw.

Germaine Greer, for being honest about her father complex.

Jewish academic Noel Ignatiev, for his refreshing frankness about his anti-White hatred. I really dislike the 'I'm not a racist, but...' brigade.

Ramzpaul. Keep up the good work.

my pet dog, who, for legal reasons, shall not be named, as he reminds me every day that race and gender are natural and not social constructs.

David Cameron, Ed Miliband & John Bercow, for so completely revealing the true nature of the Zionist project for all to see. Got both sides of the discourse and the arbiter covered? Nice.

the Meek, for they shall have no children to inherit anything.

Paul Daniels, for standing up for tradition in the face of leftist sneering and ridicule (read Louis Theroux). Yea, bless him, but not a lot.

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Editorial

It has been a long journey to get to the first edition of Mjolnir Magazine. I first mentioned the idea over two years ago, when I spoke at a pan-nationalist conference. I had hoped that Jonathan Bowden, who also spoke at the meeting, would spearhead such an undertaking; little was known at the time of his illness and he sadly died a few months later. This was an irreplaceable loss to our cultural movement in Britain and meant that I had to reconsider the project. As no one else came forward, I decided to take it upon myself to create such a magazine.

I suppose, in a way, part of me always wanted to create the magazine in my own image in any case, despite increasing opposition from some of the people close to me, who thought it a pointless obsession. It was indeed an obsession, but no more than a mountain for a mountain climber. Why does the mountain climber climb the mountain? 'Because it's there,' he says; but this is not true. It is because it is in him, for he looks at the mountain differently to most men. This magazine was always in me. Looking down from my mountain now, I can honestly say that it was all worth it. I hope others in our movement will find their own mountains to climb.

Certainly, the magazine was not just one man's enterprise and thanks must go to Eddy Morrison, Nick Walsh and Alys Wyatt, whose help was invaluable in getting this magazine off the ground. I would also like to thank all those who have advertised the magazine, in particular the people at Western Spring, Arktos and Candour Magazine, Andy Nowicki of Alternative Right, Nick Grifford of WIN and Professor Kevin MacDonald of the Occidental Observer. If I have left anyone out, I give my apologies. It has, however, taken even longer than expected, and the original launch date came and went by all too swiftly; but now everything is in place, further issues will be much easier to publish. In future editions, I will also print a readers' letters page.

Thanks must also go to all who submitted material for the magazine, both those whose work is included here and those whose work, for one reason or another, was not. To the latter, I hope this initial rejection will not discourage you for future endeavours. To the former, I hope that this magazine will serve to bring greater attention to your work. It is of a quality that surpasses anything the nihilist left has produced over the last few decades. I especially wish to thank the artist Dragoš Kalajić's family for allowing me to display his artwork in the inaugural edition of Mjolnir. It is perhaps quite fitting that in this centenary anniversary of the launch of the magazine Blast, we are able to include artwork by one of Ezra Pound's very own protégés.

The question begs itself as to why I chose the name Mjolnir. I suppose because I wanted to strike a hammer blow against the forces of cultural Marxism (the forces of cultural, social and national nihilism). Thor's

hammer seemed the perfect item with which to do it: a weapon of great power and artifice, something mythical, mystical and beyond the merely material, an artefact that comes out of a natural and organic culture. It also recalls the old adage by Goethe: "Du mußt Amboß oder Hammer sein." I wish to hammer the left, whether it be the aforementioned Marxian left or the capitalist left born out of classical liberalism, both of which have the same end goal of creating a uniform world of abject materialism, populated by identity-less consumer-slaves, and which have now been synthesised as left-liberalism.

While I have chosen a symbol from the Asatrù belief system, this magazine accepts work tending towards or underpinned by any or several of the belief systems that have been a part of the European identity. What I would ask, however, were that there be no conflict or antagonism between them. I am, for example, proud of our Greco-Roman heritage and the muscular Christianity of the Middle Ages. Equally, any texts received promoting antagonism between European peoples will also be summarily dismissed.

As the website indicates, the purpose of the magazine is to showcase works of art and literature by artists who have Eurocentric views. The three main aims of this are to exhibit our artists to the widest audience possible to give those of the political right a justified sense of pride in their own culture, to attract more to our noble cause against the forces of nihilism, and to build towards an international cultural movement that is rooted in national and regional ethnic culture, as well as in our shared European heritage. Existing artists can use this magazine to contact others of whom they perhaps have not been aware and exchange ideas. It is my hope that these contemporary artists in this edition and in succeeding ones will go on to form cultural circles of their own, proliferating the cultural movement.

One thing that readers will perhaps notice is that, on many of the pages, there are background sketches or engravings by artists from our cultural past that relate thematically, ideologically or stylistically to the foregrounded text. Juleigh Howard-Hobson's poetry has sketches of scenes and deities from Norse mythology by Johannes Gehrts; Patrick McClary's short story has old illustrations of the great military leaders of the Confederate States of America, for reasons that will become clear upon reading the tale, which are taken from the newspaper of the period, the Southern Confederate News; Boris Nad's oeuvre has a classical sculpture of Hercules and the Nemean Lion and a stone engraving of a lion on the arch keystone of the entrance to Songeons Cathedral; Clarence Caddell's post-modernist poem is adorned by Wyndham Lewis' modernist paintings; the reviews are foregrounded by William Morris' wallpaper designs. My own short story features artwork by Wenceslaus Hollar and William Maw Egley, as well as the Diana of Versailles. This, I hope, will serve to enhance the reading experience and enliven the page. It just leaves for me to say that I wish you all well and 'Happy reading.'

David Yorkshire

Juleigh Howard-Hobson was born in England in 1963, but has lived all over the world, including on both American seaboards and in Australia. Although known primarily for her poetry, she has also written prose and essays for various publications and websites. Her career as a poetess has spanned several decades and has gained her many awards, including the Australian *Returned Serviceman's League ANZAC Day Award* and the gold medal for poetry from the MacArthur Arts Festival. She has released several books of poetry, including *The Cycle of Nine, "I do not belong to the Baader-Meinhof Group" and Other Poems* and *Remind Me*, from which several of the poems she has sent us come. She has also sent us the two previously unpublished pieces "Fehu" and "Ansuz". Juleigh's pagan overtones are very evident throughout her verse, yet despite hearkening to the past and the mythic past, her poetry simultaneously addresses contemporary issues. This is mirrored stylistically in the tension between formalist structure and continual use of enjambment that allows the language to flow like ordinary speech. Indeed, in the poem "Illumination", the occasional invasions of the vacuous and mercantile language of contemporary material transactions contrast nicely with the deeper, spiritual and philosophical discourse that is eternal.

The Soul of England

They lay close to what we were told to know
Of where they would be. Each knight, each horse, all
Asleep within the hollow hill. Although
We were told the old tales, told to recall
Them, record them, remember them, no one
Thought we would think them true. But we did. We
Believed and found the soul of England spun
Within the fairy tales. The imagery
Of our lore led us right to them like thread
Laid out upon a path. And there they were:
Our king, our knights, our soul itself. Not dead,
But waiting. Ever, always, waiting here
For the right dawn. Meanwhile they sleep on still.
Grey evening falls lightly upon the hill.

(From the book *The Cycle of Nine* [RavensHalla Arts Publishing])

Invocation to the Dawn

Come more than merely morning, more than light –
Come fog that glows in misty swirls as sun
And dew combine. Come pink come blue come white
Dawn coloured clouds. Come sparrows who take flight
In shafts of gold. Come azure streaked with one
Bright blush of red. Come. Come, replace the night.

For we have had too much of night, tonight
Too much of darkness pierced with far off light
Of stars that are too numerous. Come one
Bright star, come brilliant orb, come yellow sun
While all the stars and planets take dark flight,
Come and bring your glory. Come tendrils white

That furl, unfurl, and make the black sky white
Where they touch distant edges of the night.
Come stretching rays that throw upwards in flight
Thick golden beams, each spanning out to light
The dawn pathway of the approaching sun.
Come, greet the morning. Come. Come see the one

Lone object of the night: the moon, last one
Of the celestials fading to white
With the gold dawning of the day. Come sun,
Come now! We've said good evening to the night,
Said welcome to white waxing of the light.
Our lips send forth our invocations. Flight--

Take our words! Like eagles, words take flight!
Like swifts, each bird wheeling upwards, each one
Drawing toward the fierce dawning of the light,
Wings spread and open to the morning's white
Brilliance. Come daylight, come sunshine, for night
Retreats against the rising of the Sun!

These are our invocations to the Sun,
Our words—here said aloud and given flight
To stave away the dark excess of night.
To celebrate the coming dawn each one
Word is said. Come dawn, bring forth day, bring white
Gold rays and brightened bands of falling light.

Come sun! Come bring your brilliance. All as one
These flights of words come forth. Come day! Come white
Sun, new light, bring the dawn to end the night.

(From the book *The Cycle of Nine* [RavensHalla Arts Publishing])

The Queen is Dead

From the outside the beehive hooks
You with a charmingness that brooks
No discord. Placed under a tree
Just so, near flowers carefully
Chosen. Everything by the book:
Painted, tidy, trim. Keepers took
Care that this—by hook or by crook—
Appeared so, even if only
From the outside.
Because once the box has been shook,
The lid opened, each empty nook
Held up and inspected, you'll see
Nothing. The inner colony's
Collapsed, no matter how it looks
From the outside.

(*Previously unpublished.*)

Or Forever Hold No Peace

Oder Für Immer Halten keinen Frieden

"We lose 1000 WWII veterans every day. Take a moment to share your stories"
--Lt. Gov. David Dewhurst, tweet, June 6th, 2011

In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act.
--George Orwell

There's so much that you could say, isn't there,
Old friends? And not many of you left who
Remember the truth, all these years later.
Plus, you don't know who would listen to you,
Do you? Know this: we will. So, will you few
Clear your wrinkled throats, and start to express
How it was? Will you, who are dying next,

Now give us, who are living now, some thing
Real of the truth, your own truths, all the bits
That make up which truths are worth the sorting
Out and telling? Your own black sun still hits
Our shoulders every day. We know what fits
The stories that are whispered, but we don't know
The truth. We know that. So, before you go,

Before you and your comrades leave, and our
World forever loses you, please listen
To this: we want to listen to you. For
You have something we may never again
Have —the chance to know your truths. And when
You die, if you leave silently, we'll be
The lesser for them: your lost truths that we

Could use to know ourselves. Will you please tell
Us—will you please share every unsaid thought
That will help us find what's true, and what's well
And truly fiction, from what is just not?
Do not die without passing forward what
You know about your time, that bright time when
Hope stood gladly with you, Europa's men.

(From the book *"I Don't Belong to the Baader Meinhof Group" & other poems* [Counter Currents Publishing])

Do Not Look Back

Do not look back. Listen: there is only
Sorrow there. All that we had, all that we
Made, all that we treasured, all that we were,
All that we thought would live on forever
And ever, are not here now. They're gone. Be
Saddened, be angry, be eternally
Robbed and broken (if that is what you are)
Do not look back
Though. No good can come of it. Sanity
Is all we might have left to wait and see
With, don't risk it wallowing. No future
Grows in yesterday's graves, so to be sure
That we'll have tomorrow, listen to me:
Do not look back.

(From her book *Remind Me* [Ancient Cypress Press])

Illumination

So this is how we spend our lives: waiting
For the call to come, for the shoe to fall
While constant interruptions jab their grating
Un-respective knives into what ever small
Square inch of skin we have left overall
Of our collective soul. Oh yes, we feel;
We suffer. But not with great angst. We sprawl.
Hobbled with spiritual bubonocele
ENTER YOUR EIGHT DIGIT ACCOUNT NUMBER NOW WE'LL

CONNECT YOU TO THE NEXT AVAILABLE
CUSTOMER REPRESENTATIVE we need
For nothing; life is very livable
Enthralled as we are, as long as we plead
Ignorance to the deeper calls that lead
To deeper contemplation. We just wait
In bright franchise restaurants, as we feed
Ourselves with stainless steel forks and plates
Of foods that do not nourish us. We hate.

With every nerve sprung ounce of flesh that we
Control with darkened minds, we hate and think
"For what?" For what? We just wait, anxiously.
HI DO YOU WANT A REFILL ON YOUR DRINK
WHILE YOU ARE WAITING FOR YOUR PARTY? Any chink
Any weakness and the world is in our head
Splitting things up before they are in sync,
So we never do know how much we're led
Away from ourselves. Yet, somewhere, instead

Of unawareness, some, *some,* understand
That this life we have been given is not
A true life. Not like the old lives. No. And
We understand that our world (or what
We call a world, this only world we've got)
Would not pass for a decent world in the
Old world. The real world. We have not forgot
That we cannot any longer HI YA
MY NAME IS PAUL AND I'LL BE YOUR SERVER

TODAY imagine the real world. But we guess
This: that we lack. So we wait. And we hope
That beyond these walls that mark our edges
Lie truths. Truths of which there THANK YOU YOUR TOT-
AL IS THIRTY FIVE SEVENTY TWO. NO P-
ERSONAL CHECKS JUST VISA/MASTERCARD
THANK YOU HAVE A GOOD DAY still remain scope
And breadth enough to allow them to disregard
The dismal steps with which they must glissade,

Because they have a few left who revere
Them, although they have grown old, very old,
Waiting for those who do not yet appear
To have ever wondered (or have been told
Enough to wonder) precisely who holds
The map that shows where illumination
Sprang that once lit the lofty realms of gold.
PLEASE STATE YOUR FOUR DIGIT CONFIRMATION
CODE THANK YOU THIS CONCLUDES YOUR TRANSACTION

(From her book *"I Don't Belong to the Baader Meinhof Group" & other poems* [Counter Currents Publishing])

These two sonnets are from The Haelig Runa *series which Juleigh is working on:*

Fehu

Fehu is the wealth that feeds the seeker
Through the journey taken. It's abundant
Though shared. It comes with no debt: not weaker
But stronger becomes the participant
Of the bounty. Two arms held to the east:
A double salutation to the sun,
Bringer of golden light, Sol Invictus!
For the unwise, ending as they've begun:
3 uneven stroke marks on twigs and dirt,
Fee Fie Fo Fum--4 nonsense children's words,
Just a random aettir spot. The alert,
However, look deep, recognize rewards:
Sacred wealth meant to nourish both soul and
Folksoul, placed first for they who understand.

Ansuz

A great gift of wisdom to the seeking
Soul, for the difficult journey through nine
Worlds is hard, though blessed. So Ansuz must bring
Comfort to round out knowledge, must refine
The sacred through joy, must be the source and
The way if the way to the soul's source will
Be found. A pillar with two props, two hands
On one side—thus Ansuz stands balanced, still--
An ash tree made stable between a thorn
And a road, with branches and roots that reach
Every world. Upon these the wise are borne,
Like the Rider of Ygg who spoke the speech
Of all-language from a word to a word
When he seized upon the root-held runes and roared.

More's The Pity, Enoch Powell

"Another thing is no matter how much you think you love somebody, you'll step back when the pool of their blood edges up too close"
--Chuck Palahniuk

Rivers of blood were what you saw ahead,
But they weren't rivers, Enoch, instead
They were stagnant pools of blood that choke
But do not rise, swell but do not move, soak
And fester, flowing nowhere; each one fed
By far off well springs that bring but fetid
Ooze. No aqua pura beneath what's bled
By these shores, nothing but a bloody joke:
Rivers of blood
That do not wash away and are not red
Like English roses and St George. What's bred
Within them shall not evolve, cannot evoke
A semblance of the nation or the folk
Who've stepped back, lost to the unmoving dread
Rivers of blood.

(From the book *"I Don't Belong to the Baader Meinhof Group" & other poems* [Counter Currents Publishing])

Review by Jez Turner

Leopard Valley: a play in three acts

Most of us are familiar with AK Chesterton's political works - both his regular articles in Candour and his books Facing the Abyss and The New Unhappy Lords. His writings are among the best in 'our movement' and always inform, enlighten and richly reward the reader. They have incredible insight and are, to those who do not understand who actually pulls the puppet strings of the world and why, uncannily prescient in their predictions. They were also hugely influential - let it not be forgotten that during the 1950's through to the 1970's his writings, particularly 'The New Unhappy Lords', were required reading for British senior civil servants who worked in departments foreign, secret or secure.

His writings are also of a calibre that puts modern day prize-winning literary endeavours in the shade, not to mention the scribblings of our modern day hacks - AK was in a far higher league. Yes, AK was a journalist, (or at least he had to earn his keep as one), but his command and love of the English language shines through in every sentence and is a joy to behold. So it was I was little surprised on discovering that AK had penned several plays and works of fiction.

Leopard Valley was the second of three plays he wrote and was first performed in 1943 in Southport. In the 1950's, the play was later adapted to encompass current events and lengthened, and it is this, (connoisseurs say better), version that the A.K. Chesterton Trust, much to its credit, has published.

Leopard Valley? One immediately thinks of 'the Happy Valley set', 'White Mischief' and the mysterious murder of Lord Errol in 1930's Kenya. Lord Errol was a dashing adventurer, Fascist sympathiser and an opponent of any war with Hitler's Germany. Strange, (or is it?), to think how many such VIPs met strange deaths prior to the Second World War breaking out: Lord Tweedsmuir, (Governor General of Canada) and TE Lawrence to name but two - better known respectively as John Buchan the novelist and Lawrence of Arabia. This play however is staged in an imaginary British colony loosely based on Rhodesia/South Africa and although there is an element of political intrigue in it, elements of the 'anyone for tennis' comedies exist

for light relief and of Agatha Christie's 'whodunnits' for added suspense. It appeals therefore at many levels, but it is the deep under-the-radar subtle politics relating to human nature, community organisation, racial relations and leadership that interest us here.

There is a debate in the Nationalist scene at present as to whether the best way forward is 'cultural politics' or 'ballot box politics'. Some Nationalists have given up on the ballot box, citing that the electorate is so brainwashed with the liberal-Marxist cultural milieu, the mass media so hostile and the enemies of our race so able to tap into such limitless sums of money that we'll never get into power that way and even if we do, we'll soon be kicked out a la the democratically elected Muslim Brotherhood Government recently in Egypt. If our race, so the argument goes, was exposed to literature, plays, poetry, music, art, philosophy, ideology etc that carried a healthy message for our people and encouraged them to stick up for their right to survive as a people then they would have a more racially-conscious outlook on life, value their heritage – both genetic and cultural – more highly and become Nationalists as a matter of course. They would also be more inclined to vote for Nationalist parties. The truth of course is that we need both 'cultural politics' AND 'ballot box politics' to win by engaging the enemy in a pincer movement from which he cannot escape. AK is a man who at different times of his life engaged in both. Leopard Valley is a product of one of his 'cultural political' phases.

In it he examines the dynamics of a White colonial community in darkest Africa. There are a range of characters - as there are in most communities – good, bad, indifferent, workshy, hardworking, timid, brave, tough and weak. Over them all looms the coming storm of 'the Death Watch Beetle Black rebellion movement' led by 'Songeti' an Oxford educated Negro who, initially an admirer of the White Race, came to despise it after seeing at first hand the degenerate traits of its worst elements. As the play develops, all the Whites face tests, trials and tribulations that give their personalities the opportunity to improve. Hardship is character building and we suffer so we can become something better. Either that or we can run away. Run away to run away again another day.

Derek is the star of the play – a man who after a harum-scarum youth had, in search of a fresh start, come to Leopard Valley fourteen years before, when it was a wilderness and a swamp, and singlehandedly struggled to start a farm. His new wife, Vivien, newly arrived from England is bored, scared of the rebels and wants to leave and go back to England. From his

veranda, as he shows her the view of his orchards, citrous plantations, a market garden and chicken coops he tries to explain to her why he can't just give up:

"When I first came here, I was the only White Man. During the months I was building this house and clearing the bush, I talked to no one except natives. I lived in a tent. And night after night for nearly a year, I sat by myself listening to hyaenas. And that wasn't all. The development company promised to have the irrigation dam ready in a year. It wasn't ready for two years. But I'd planted in preparation for the water at the end of the first year. It didn't come. What did come was the drought. It broke me. All the planting ruined. My small capital was exhausted. I went and got a job on the mines – underground. For nine months I didn't buy one thing I could do without. I didn't drink and I didn't smoke. I saved every penny. At the end of that time I had enough to buy a levelling machine. I brought it here. Other settlers had come to the Valley by then. I hired myself and my machine to them, so that in my spare time I could use the income to clear away the bush which had begun to grow again on my land. I had just got a second lot of crops and trees planted when the locusts came. Three times I started all over again. But now – there's the reward. I'm not boasting. I'm simply telling you so that you will understand my feelings when you ask me to give it all up. … If only you will try and make something grow out there - no matter how small – if you will only plant it and look after it and even in a sense live for it – then you will get the rhythm of the soil inside you and you'll begin to know real happiness."

Such qualities made our Race great and respected throughout the World – and rightly so. Derek does his best to reform, educate, advise and organise the other Whites in the valley and is successful to a remarkable extent – becoming the unofficial leader of the settler community – though his efforts prove ineffectual with some of the Johny-come-lately arrivals, notably his new wife Vivien, his feckless younger brother Charles, and the lazy, womanising, pleasure-seeking aristocrat Trent. Nevertheless he does his best for them, not for any profit motive, but simply because it's the right thing to do. He even tries to help the Blacks. The highlight of the play to my mind is a confrontation between Derek and the rebel leader Songeti, which reveals AK's deeply profound and sympathetic understanding of the Negro mind:

DEREK: You said this was your own country, by the way. Is it? Is it any more yours than mine? The white people came here over the sea at the same time that yours arrived out of the north. And the Bushmen and the Hottentots who were here first got a better deal from us, I think.

SONGETI: You are wrong. We gave them better treatment.

DEREK: What!? Why, you butchered them wholesale.

SONGETI: Death was preferable to what you have given them – and us. In death there is dignity.

DEREK: Oh, I know about all the slums and squalor and vice in the great cities.

SONGETI: That is not my quarrel. A strong people can survive poverty and shake off vice, because vice is an open enemy. Let me tell you my quarrel. It is that you have allowed a great squalor of the spirit to submerge your own country and flood into Africa, submerging the beauty and the laughter and the pattern of the African soul. The white people became the Lords of the Cheapness, the Sovereign Kings of the vulgarity which soils and corrupts and destroys the beauty of the world. Against that I do raise the standards of the Black Revolt. Against that do I summon the people of Africa to gnaw your rottenness as the Death Watch Beetle gnaws into rotten wood.

DEREK: And the Lords of nobility are the rascals you have gathered in your camp?

SONGETI: They are what the Whites have made them. Even they can be ennobled in battle.

DEREK: Poor devils! What chance have they against guns and aeroplanes?

SONGETI: I will tell you. We shall lose now, and that defeat shall be a victory, because it will be a beacon for the future. We must have martyrs; we must forever keep alive the warrior spirit of our people, for when that dies, bastardisation is complete. That is the final degradation.

Wise words indeed. That was Africa 60 years ago. When looking at the situation in Europe today the situation is reversed. Non-white immigration has since taken place and is still taking place at an alarming rate. It is sobering to think that never before has an invasion on such a scale occurred without any armed resistance on behalf of the natives to oppose it. Only a totally corrupted Race would not feel shame at such a record. A White Songeti would never have put up with it. The question is of course ''Who corrupted us?'' AK knew and his wisdom is needed now like no time before. Very few people alive today ever met AK Chesterton, and fewer still got to know him closely, but through this play – which has several teasing twists before it comes to a satisfying climax – and through the characters of Derek and Songeti we come very close indeed.

Patrick McClary was born on the North Carolina coast just north of the Cape Fear River. He is the linear descendant of Louisiana and North and South Carolina state troops. His three-time great-grandfather, Sergeant James McClary served in the 15th South Carolina Infantry Regiment of the Confederate States of America and fought alongside Major-General Patrick Cleburne, who fell at the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee during the Civil War. Out of respect for the heroic major-general, one male in each successive generation of the McClary family has carried the name Patrick. Thus, from a young age, Patrick McClary has been filled with awe and veneration for the great Lost Cause. He feels a strong connection to land and place is healthy and that although the Southern States of America are relatively young expressions of the European motherland, they are nonetheless distinct and irreplaceable. Despite the great demographic and thus cultural changes there, Patrick is not prone to defeatism and fights every day to keep the spirit if Southern defiance alive. He currently lives in the Western Piedmont of North Carolina with his (in his own words) angelic wife Crystal. One can readily see these historical and local influences in the short story he has sent us, which fuses symbolism with the theme of memory. Patrick states that any criticism, harsh or kind, can be sent to NC_patriot14@yahoo.com.

Padded Feet

Big Eric Wilson burst through the doors of the tavern, his bearded face warped with terror.

"It's loose again. She's loose again." His barreled chest was rising and falling like a giant billows.

A high-pitched scream cut the night air, the scream of the catamount fused with that of the barred-owl. Darleen dropped the glass she was cleaning. Everyone at the bar shrank at the sound. Everyone but McDaris. McDaris downed the shot of whisky sitting before him and rubbed his chin.

"Well then, what do we aim to do about it?"

* * *

The terror had stalked the night for weeks now, first slaughtering livestock before moving on to more gruesome sustenance.

Melanie Faulks had been the first human victim. Her husband Andrew found her in the bottom of Mud-turtle Holler, bobbing headless and limbless in the muddy waters of the creek.

Andrew was the second, if indirect, victim of the creature. Parson Daniels came to the Faulks' home with bible in hand and words of "everlasting peace" and "the great home place in the sky". The parson found him dangling from the rafters of the couple's one-room cabin. Three crumbled, rambling attempts at a suicide note lying abandoned in a nearby wastebasket were deemed proof that the poor devil

hadn't been able to find the right words for his grief.

Grace Barker was the third and latest victim, found a few hundred yards in the woods back of her home, the lower half of her body missing and an eerily serene expression on her pale, white face.

Tranquility followed for a week afterward and most folks found comfort in the idea that the beast had satiated itself or moved on to other hunting grounds. The look in Eric Wilson's eyes, the conviction in his wavering voice, shattered that hope, just as that frightful, bestial cry had shattered the night. Anything that could shake that man, veteran of the late war and as much of a mountain as any of the hills that rolled through Western Carolina, was something worth fearing.

*   *   *

"You saw it?" asked McDaris, his one good eye beaming saber-blue in the spectral moonlight.

"Sure as I stand, I did. She was black and lean, all sinew and muscle. She stalked on hind legs and her eyes--by God, Ronnie--her eyes, they burned like coals, and though they was solid, you could tell there was a kind of smarts behind them. I knew she was <u>thinkin'</u> and looking at me. <u>At</u> me. God, what an awful feeling that was."

McDaris nodded. "Where'd you see her? We'll go fetch my hounds and rifle. We'll track her down and put an end to this mess. The panther's hide will look mighty fine blanketing my floor."

"Hold your horses, Ronnie. We'll go to the Sheriff first. He needs to be warned and, besides, we'll need all the muscle we can get against this fiend."

McDaris snarled; his lips transformed into a mocking imitation of the scar that ran the right side of his face. "Not one of those dogs calling themselves men at the bar had courage enough to defend this town, and you expect that mangy cur, king of the dogs, to take up the hunt with us? And I thought I was tetched in the head from too much whiskey. Whose corn liquor have you been drinking?"

"Now, Ronnie, differences aside, we'll be needing all the help we can get tonight. It's on the way and I say it's worth a shot. Either you go with me or I go it alone. Don't make me do that, Ronnie. Neither one of us needs to be wandering around by our lonesome tonight."

McDaris sighed. "Worst he can do is run out on us again. Maybe he can pop off a few shots in the enemy's direction first."

They approached the Sheriff's house to find it unlit.

"Must have already set out after the creature," said Eric.

A movement on the lawn made Eric start. His right foot planted backward and both arms cocked instinctively upward, leaving box-turtle sized fists to guard his face. McDaris meanwhile

was as cool and still as a boulder, his right hand resting on the leather holster by his side.

Squinting hard with his one good eye, McDaris quickly discerned what it was hunched over in front of the Sheriff's porch, working feverishly at something by its feet. It must have taken Eric a little longer, because he kept those fist hovering at his face before calling out, "Sheriff? Sheriff, is that you?"

The figure stood up and Eric let down his guard, though the whole of his trunk still trembled with little vibrations, like dry grass in the wind.

The response was as much of a whisper that could be made over the prevailing distance. "Eric? Eric Wilson? That you? Come quick."

The two parties met. When McDaris stepped out into the moonlight, the Sheriff nearly choked on his tobacco juice. "Ronald McDaris?" He chewed over the leaves and his words. "Last person I'd have expected to see tonight, but mighty glad for it."

McDaris tightened up, clenching his fists. He was ready to fly into a stream of insults when Eric's meaty paw fell on his shoulder, placating him.

"Well, Sarge," McDaris began. "I'm sure you heard the creature's call and old Eric here thought you could use our help."

The Sheriff was back at task setting the gigantic steel trap at his feet. "Sure could use it." He spit a mouthful of black juice to the side. "Eric, you're as big and strong as a bear. Hold open these jaws, while I set the pan.

"Yep, boys, once I got me a few of these traps set and baited, I plan on sitting up in that attic window and drawing a bead on any cat that comes near."

The trap set and his hands now free he gestured at the rifle propped up against the porch.

"Got me one of them newfangled Henry rifles. The kind the Yanks rattled off at us at Chickamauga."

An ice-water chill shot through McDaris at the name, *Chickamauga*. Seemingly oblivious, the Sheriff's face bore a dumb grin.

"It'll fire as fast as you can rack the lever," he said.

"A mighty fine plan," said Eric. "But what if she don't come. She'll be free to prowl the night, killing at will."

The sheriff laughed. "If the cattle in this town don't have the sense to keep behind locked doors, then they deserve what comes to them. It's not like a panther can pry a lock." He spit out another stream of black liquid. "Besides, once these traps are baited, she'll come alright." The Sheriff strolled to his rifle, snatching it off the porch. "I've got some salted pork in the pantry. Go fetch it for bait. I wish I had something a bit more rank smelling, but I suppose the pork will do in a pinch. Besides, I'm sure Mrs. Faulks and Mrs. Barker smelt just fine the day they bought it. Don't seem to me the old cat's too picky."

Once Eric disappeared into the house, McDaris turned on his former Sergeant.

"Go fetch? Seems to me, you lost the right to give orders when you deserted. And show a little respect. It's a wonderment to me that the folks around here voted you Sheriff. If I had my say, Tommy's Highlanders would've had your scalp--and I would have led them to it. That is, if I hadn't been at the front with the rest of the men worthy of the name."

The Sheriff scowled, shifting the tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other.

"Ronnie you cling to the war like a piglet to her mamma's tit. 'Course you had no reason to desert, you had nothing to go home to. You were just a boy without even a sweetheart waiting, not a man with a family and mountain of responsibilities back home. Maybe if you were older and had a few obligations weighing you down, you wouldn't have been so ready to fight and starve for another man's property in another part of the state. With a few years distance between now and then, you'd think even a misshapen cyclops like yourself aught to have better perspective."

A pause and a gentle smile from McDaris.

"Liberty born of a patriot's dream, is what I fought for. Not for any mans cotton or any man's slaves. Men like myself and Vance understood that. Men who understood that the greatest obligations one can have is to one's home and fireside. To keep unborn generations free from the crush of the despots heel. But why shouldn't I expect a coward like you to hide behind your wife's skirt?"

Eric exited the house in time to see the Sheriff rattling McDaris by his lapels, McDaris struggling to wrestle himself free. Five sacks of salted pork hit the dirt as Eric raced over to stop the fight. He caught the Sheriff's arm just as it was cocked back to strike McDaris in the face.

"Cuss you ballyhackin' thick-necks!" he shouted. "Now ain't the time." Both the Sheriff and McDaris relaxed their muscles, the contest over.

Eric spoke softer now. "I suwannee, we've got a crisis on our hands and you two are stabbin' at old wounds."

For an instant the only sound was the labored breathing of three men huddled together against the night. Then came the sound of padded feet.

He saw the red eyes, embers stoked in the fires of hell. What cut McDaris the deepest was the fact that she walked on two legs. This rebellion against nature sent his head swimming, worse even than that fated day when he first came under fire at Cumberland Gap. Silence swarmed him and he wondered whether the Sheriff was ready to fire with his Henry and what powerful, but unarmed, Eric must be doing. He didn't dare take his eye off the beast to find out.

Raising his revolver with a

trembling hand, he told himself it was the whisky that made it hard for him to line up his sights. The cat kept advancing, slow and steady, propelled by two unholy feet. McDaris heard the shot, felt the weapon leap in his hand, its blast rocketing him back to reality. The shot went wild. The beast took to ground on all fours, running. It was on him in seconds.

Earth and sky bled together in a rolling maelstrom of matted fur, teeth and claws. A fetid, rotting stench assaulted his nostrils, the unforgettable stench of bloated corpses in the wake of summer battles. The beast's maw, black as the mouth of a Yankee cannon, formed the eye of the storm, the axis of this twisting world of man and monster. Preternatural strength filled McDaris but it wasn't enough to keep the creature at bay. She clamped down on his shoulder with massive, cruel fangs and McDaris shrieked as two satanic, red eyes stared into his one.

Black oblivion was creeping over him when the creature was ripped away, tearing his shoulder in the exodus. Regaining focus, McDaris could see Eric struggling to keep control of the creature caught in a headlock. The sheriff raised the rifle at the monster, but McDaris brushed the barrel skyward.

"You fool, you'll kill Eric."

Fighting the pain of his mangled shoulder, McDaris ripped his buck knife from its sheath, sticking the cat in its ribs. With an ungodly yelp the creature writhed free from Eric's grasp and bolted for the tree line, but not before a stray paw slashed McDaris across the face.

Three shots rang out. With the third came a renewed cry from the creature. The sheriff racked the rifle a fourth time, but the creature had already disappeared howling into the nighted abyss.

Dizzy with pain and supporting his sagging left arm with his strong one, McDaris stumbled about the dark in search of his lost revolver.

"Take it easy, Ronnie," Eric said. "Let's get you in the house and rested. The cat's hurt. Hurt bad. We'll go find the body in the morning."

"You know that ain't no ordinary mountain cat," said McDaris. "Whatever it was, I won't rest, can't rest, till I know it's dead. I'm not bleeding too bad. I'll be alright."

The sheriff picked up McDaris' smoking six-iron from the lawn and handed it to him. "Let's get a move on then," he said.

After splintering McDaris' arm with a sheet and arming Eric with one of the sheriff's shotguns, they took chase tracking a trail of blood that snaked over leaves and twigs, across hills and thickets. It led them to a rough weather-worn shack tucked away between hills and cradled in a briar patch.

"By God, I wonder if Miss Weller knows someone's squatting on her property," Eric said.

"The old spinster would croak," the sheriff said. "When this is over, it'd be best to keep this information to ourselves."

"Keep your guard up," said McDaris. "Good chance is, the thing's still alive." He winced, pain circuiting his battered body. "And she'll be a whole mess deadlier wounded than she was before."

Both Eric and the sheriff nodded and shouldered their weapons. McDaris kept a firm grip on his pistol.

The shack was small, about ten foot wide and twenty deep. The posse halted at the open door. Laying still on the floor was the creature.

"Is it dead?" whispered Eric.

A single shot thundered from the sheriff's Henry rifle, spraying blood and bone, transforming the creature's skull to a formless pulp.

McDaris stepped over the threshold thankful that the smell of gunpowder helped abate the stench of the creature.

The inside of the shack was filled with all manner of odd accoutrements. Crow and turkey feet hung alongside what looked like Indian dreamcatchers. Lining the walls were shelves stacked with moldy books and mason jars full of roots, powders, and bones. A vibrating rattlesnake glided over itself in a large glass jug, while rats scurried in another. A rag draped one of the jars, but McDaris caught a fleeting glimpse of something that glowed and danced under the cloth. The hairs on the back of his neck stood straight at the sight and he forgot the pain in his arm.

"Ugly as sin," the sheriff said, kicking the beast's side. He spat a mouthful of tobacco juice on the floor and dug into his pouch for another chaw. "You ever seen anything like it?"

McDaris turned his attention back to the thing that had nearly killed him. The hide was littered in a multitude of bulbous, stinking growths. He'd seen similar tumors on a buck he killed when he was a boy. These were different. For one thing there hadn't been so many on the deer. Nor had they the gangrenous, weeping stench that these had.

"Still want that skin?" asked Eric.

McDaris shook his head. "No," he said. His mouth hung open.

"We should burn this place to the ground," said the sheriff. "The body with it."

McDaris closed his jaw and stood up straighter, more erect and soldierly. He nodded slowly and holstered his weapon. "Good idea, Sarge. Eric and I will fetch torches."

It was the first thing the two had agreed on in years.

Boris Nad is a writer and publicist, born in Vinkovci, Slavonia in 1966. He studied in Zagreb and Belgrade, graduating from the University of Belgrade. Since 1994, he has published various essays and articles in diverse journals and periodicals. Some of his most important works are: Time of Empires (2002), geopolitical writings with an introduction by Serbian artist and philosopher Dragoš Kalagić; New Ithaca (2007) and The Return of the Myth (2010), selections of poetry, prose and essays; the science-fiction novel Victor's Feast (2005); the collections of short prose Silent Gods (2008) and Ultima Thule (2011); and the essay Post-Apokalypse (2011). He currently wishes to have his works translated into English, and anyone interested in helping to realise this project should contact him at boris.r.nad@gmail.com. In the following piece of short prose, the Argentinean writer Jorge Luis Borges is mentioned and one can see his stylistic and thematic influences on this wondrous oeuvre.

The Lions of Kalemegdan

In historical times, a little more than two thousand years ago, lions still lived in Macedonia. Information on this can be found in Herodotus; during his lifetime lions lived in Crestonia, which is, roughly, the area between present-day Vardar and Struma in northern Macedonia. "One would see no lions anywhere in Europe east of the Nestus, nor in the continent west of the Achelous; they exist only in the country between those rivers." (The Histories, Book VII). Alexander the Macedonian in his youth would hunt these amazing and beautiful animals.

Feat more worthy of kings and heroes than any other; the task of defeating the Nemean lion was the first of twelve that Eurystheus demanded of Heracles. The beast that ravaged the district of city of Nemea had a pelt that could not be pierced by spear nor cut by sword, it was the offspring of the monstrous Typhon, or Selene, or Chimera, or the dog Orthrus. To overmaster the Nemean lion, Heracles had to strangle him with his bare hands, and then, with only the assistance of the lion's sharp claw, he could excoriate its skin. From then on he wore it as impenetrable armour – a symbol of immortality and invulnerability – and the heavy lion head as a helmet. It is the lion too that symbolizes the kingdom or empire. It is lions tied with iron chains that guard the entrance to the Celtic "Revolving Castle", that same abode of the Fisher King and the secret hiding place of the Grail in the cycles of the Grail legends.

The lion, any lion, is the archetype, because what Borges said about the tiger also applies to the lion: one tiger represents all tigers that have been and all tigers that will be, because "the individual, in each case, is the entire species".

The connection between kings and lions is without doubt both in its essence and ritual. In later history, when the custom of hunting had been extinguished along with the lions, only the kings remained as the col-

lectors of those rare and exotic beasts. There was no more worthy gift for a ruler than the lion, imprisoned in a cage, which would be conveyed to him by boat from some thousands of miles distant, fabulous country. Afterwards, the lions moved into the field of heraldry, becoming almost a mandatory addition to the royal and noble coats of arms. Sculpted from stone, cast in bronze or forged of iron, we find them even nowadays at the gates of old castles and magnificent palaces, less a symbolic threat and more a memory of a time when they stood as a sign of equality between royal and leonine dignity.

I do not know if the next experience belongs to the realm of reality or to the images we only see in dreams. It was a late summer afternoon, almost evening, when, climbing up to the Kalemegdan fortress, I wished to get up to that high plateau from where the confluence of the Sava into the Danube can be seen, and the War Island itself. Before that, I remember I was wandering for a long time through the underground rooms of the fortress – in one of them, next to a pile of waste, garbage or some other kind of rubble, a stack of neatly laid stone cannonballs were still laid out. After those stuffy underground rooms, narrow passages and dark hallways, which can be found in any old fort, reminiscent of tombs, I wanted to set foot in a place that would afford me a breadth of sight and freshness of water. The murmur of many passers-by, the scream and squeal of children in the summer night, they did not bother me; this was something completely different from the musty and assumptive dust of ages.

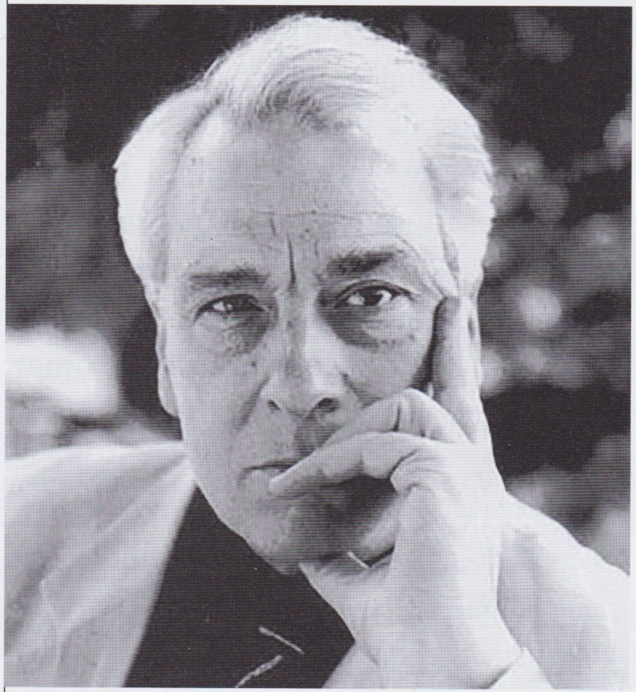
It was the last hour before sunset, when the sun is at its strongest. Kalemegdan's fortifications were turned brown and golden in colour. Beneath one of them, not very high above our heads, suddenly I spotted two lions, gallant and lazy, marching under the sun.

These were the lions from the nearby zoo, but no visible fence divided us from them. It seemed as though they were completely free to move around, and that the ancient fortress was their very natural environment, and that they were an integral part of it – a vision, which might have been born of dream and which belonged to some other, almost mythical era, quite different from our own.

The earliest recorded name of present-day Belgrade is the Celtic "Singidunum", a compound in which "dunum" means fortress or castle, while the meaning of the word "singi" for the present is still unclear and is the subject of much speculation and conjecture. According to some interpretations, "singi" means lion, and, therefore, the meaning of the name is "Lion Fortress." The etymology is doubtlessly fictitious, like so many others, and yet it is the key to this dream.

Dragoš Kalajić: The Spirit of Europa in Art

The artist Dragoš Kalajić is sadly virtually unknown in Western Europe outside of Italy. Even sadder is the fact that he is no longer with us. Had he lived, he would have now been seventy-one, but his death from cancer in 2005 prematurely deprived the Occidental world of a great talent before it became widely recognised.



Kalajić was born in Belgrade in the then Kingdom of Yugoslavia on 22nd February 1943. He studied art at the *Accademia delle Belle Arti* in Rome, graduating in 1965 with the highest marks in his class. Living and working in both Rome and Belgrade, he became friends with other cultural luminaries, such as Baron Julius Evola, Aleksandr Dugin, Ezra Pound, Enrico Crispolti, Giorgio de Chirico, Gualtiero Jacopetti, Ilya Glazunov and Nikita Mikhalkov. Evola himself once said to Kalajić: "You will renew the Roman idea."

Kalajić appeared in and wrote television series and films, also writing books, such as *The Stronghold* (1972), *The End of the World* (1974), *From Leonardo to Picasso* (1989) *American Evil* (1991), *Russia is Rising* (1994), *Betrayal of Europa* (1994), *The Last Europeans* (2001), *European Ideology* (2004) and the novels *The Maker* (1981) and *Serbian Children of Empire* (2005). Unfortunately, most of his works are as yet unavailable in English and their translation would be a worthy venture for anyone able and willing.

He was a strong critic of how the contemporary world has been shaped, particularly by 'American imperialism.' In this, he echoed many of Ezra Pound's own critiques of his country of birth, of an America that had turned from its European roots and had given prominence to the merchant and financier rather than the artist and warrior, an America that has moved far from the values of its Founding Fathers and instilled its new values of *Leihkapital* in the entire post-war West.

He also warned of the dangers of 'multiculturalism', particularly with regard to Islam both before and after the usurpation of Kosovo by Muslims aided and abetted by American imperialist power: "It is necessary to

undertake a broad political, diplomatic and propagandist action throughout the European Union, to warn of the threat that menaces Europe, European and Christian culture, civilization and tradition from the project to create an Islamic *jamahiriyya*" (*Duga*, 15th March 1992). Kalajić was also aware of the racial aspect of the Islamic jihad against Europe, calling the Christian children of Europa's enemies 'semi-Arabs'.

While his printed works remain as yet inaccessible to many, his pictorial art can bring inspiration to all those of European descent. Shown here, with the kind permission of his family, is some of his most famous work. One can immediately see the interplay between tradition and modernity, and there is an obvious nod to futurism, yet tending towards idealism rather than abstraction. The other major difference between Kalajić and the futurists is that the futurists were celebrating and guiding the Italy that was entering modernity, whereas Kalajić creates the art of a contemporary Europe that might have been and might yet be still – a Europe as technologically advanced as our own, yet shrouded in its mystic, historic, aristocratic and cultural past. This mysticism is still very much alive in the present, and one sees his distinctly European figures juxtaposed in an organic relationship with Nature and with the cosmos.

Presented here are some of Kalajić's most famous works: *Hyperborea* and *Wolfgang* (Page XXIX), *Diana* and *Runner* (Page XXX), *Svetlana* and [*title unknown*] (Page XXXI), *Homage to Leonardo* and [*title unknown*] (Page XXXII), *The Falconer* and *Of our Inner Empire* (Page XXXIII), [*title unknown*], *New Odin or The Cycle of Searching for the Holy Grail* and Salute to the *Invincible Sun* (Page XXXIV), *Europe* and [*title unknown*] (Page XXXV) and a double-page spread of *Knight of the Solar Order*. *Wolfgang* and *Svetlana* come from the series *Portraits of the European Nations*. It is with great pleasure that, on this the 100th anniversary of the publication of the artistic magazine *Blast*, we are able to bring to the Occident at large the work of an artist blessed by Ezra Pound himself. *Post tenebras lux septentrionis*.

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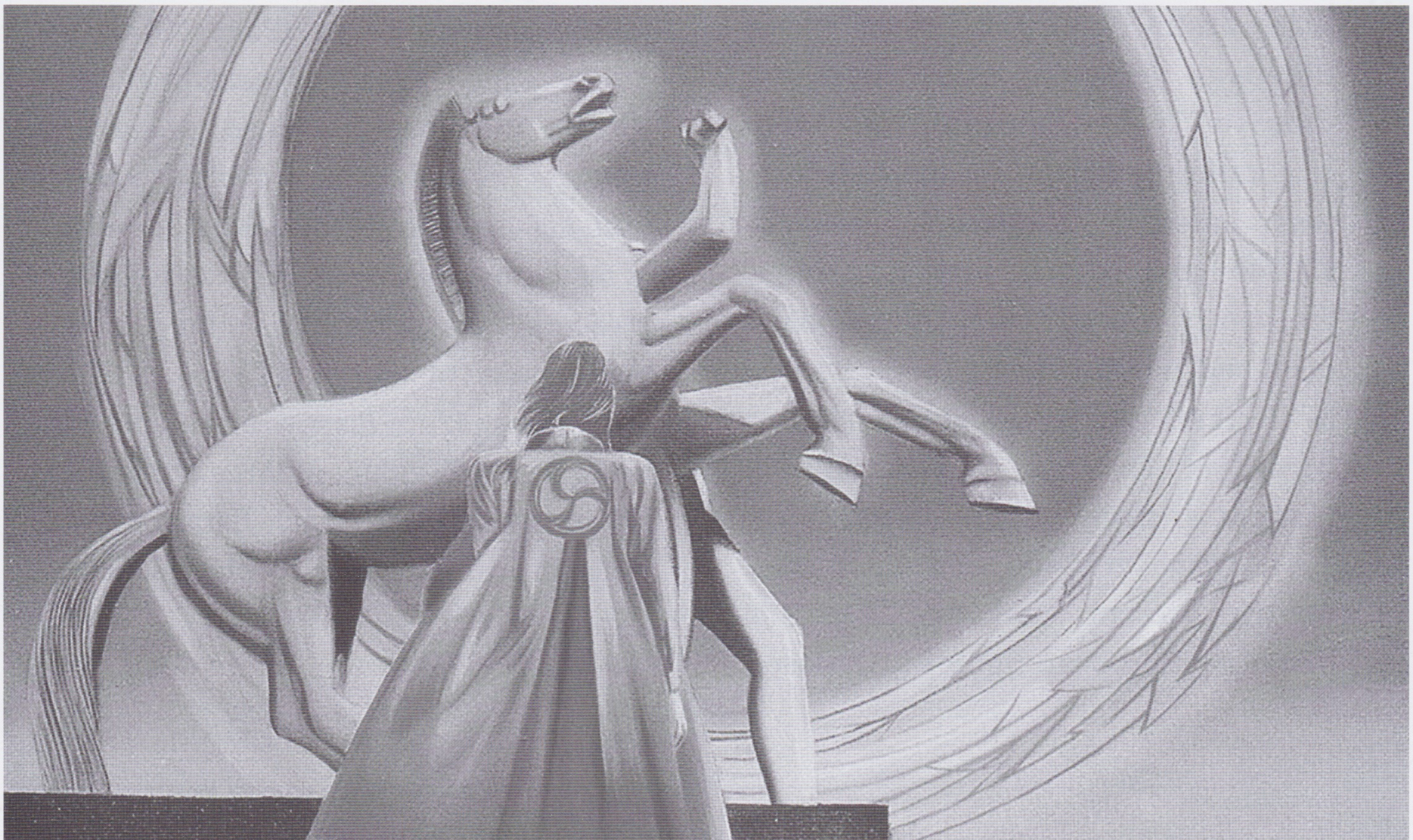

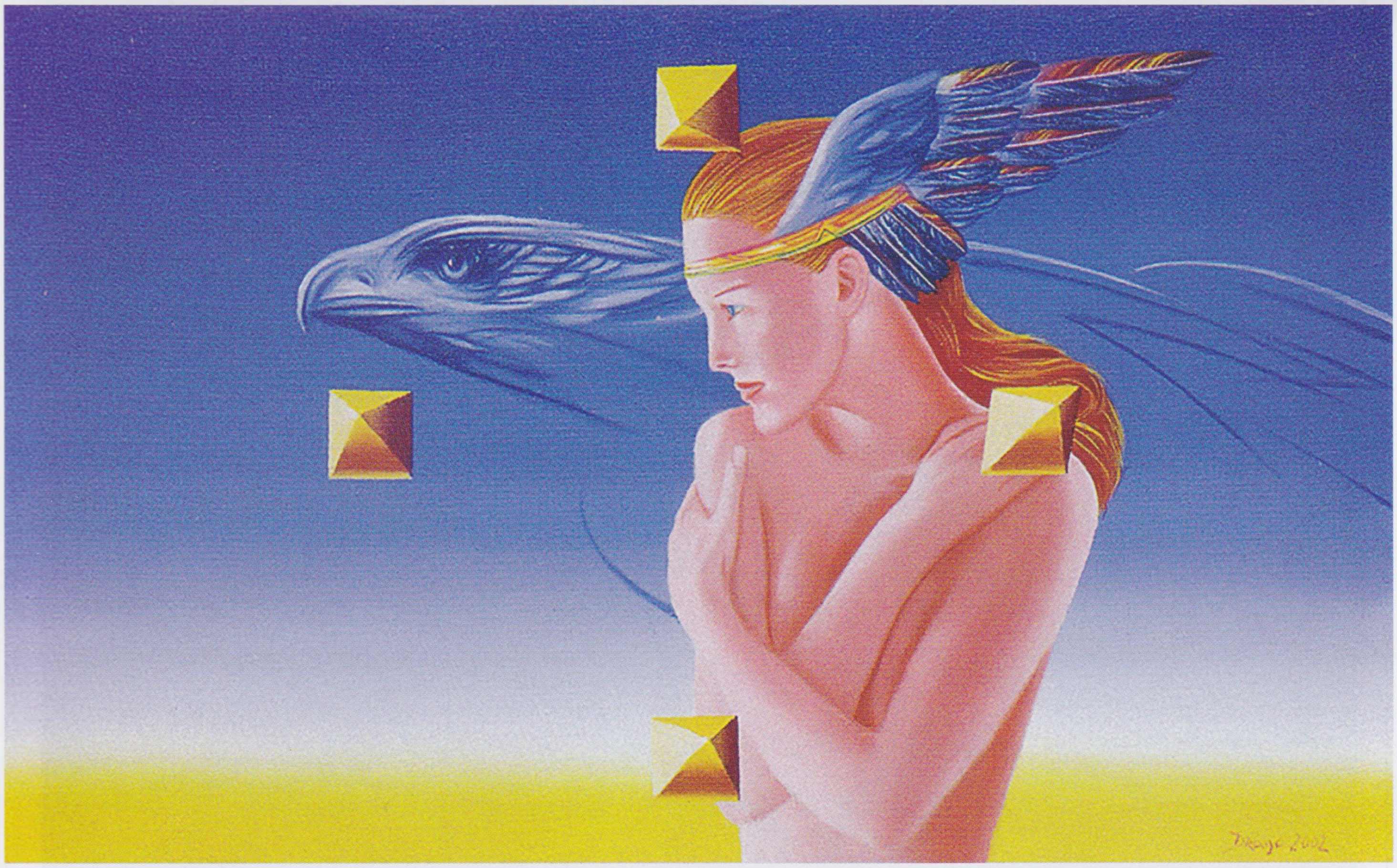

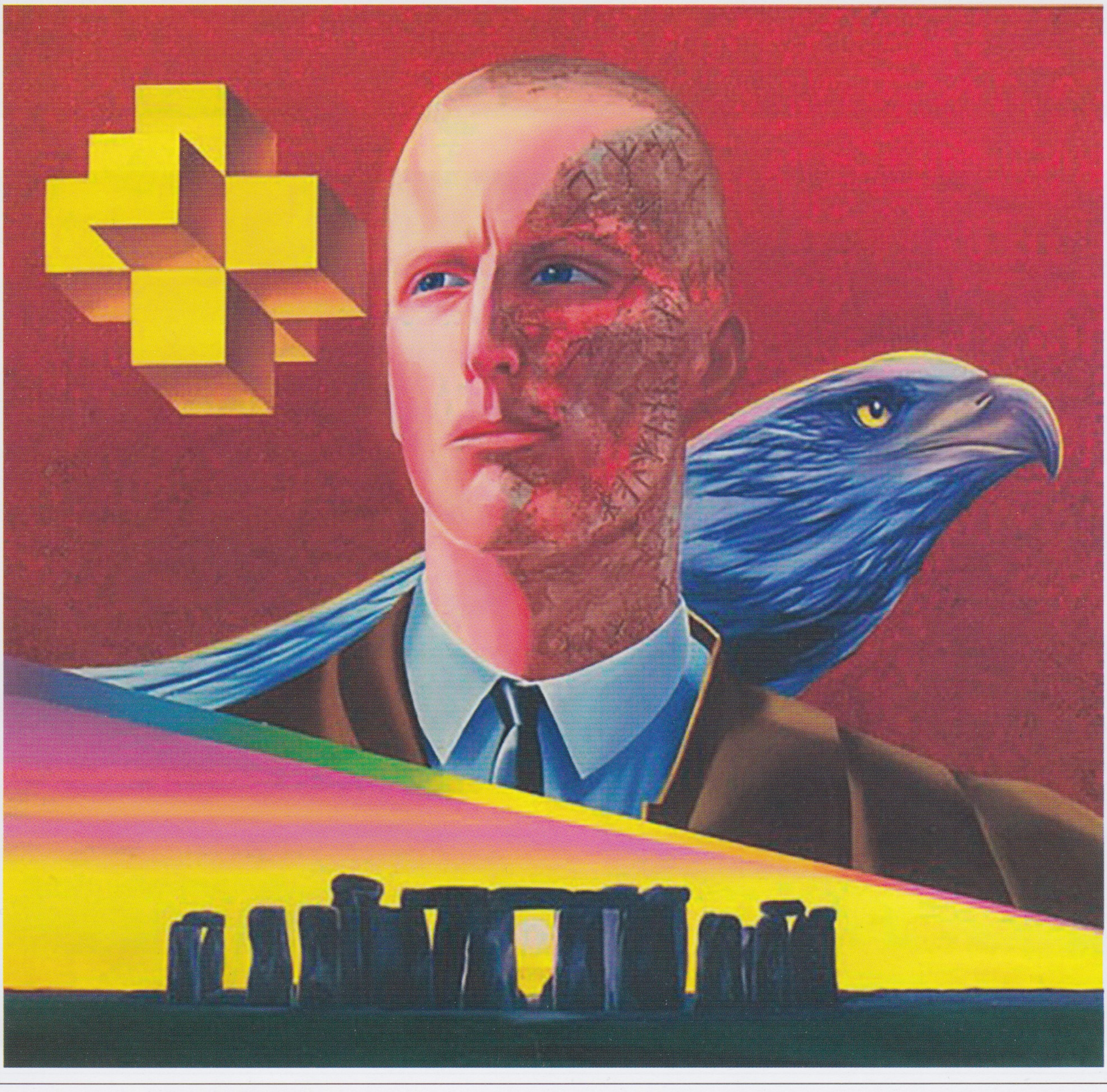

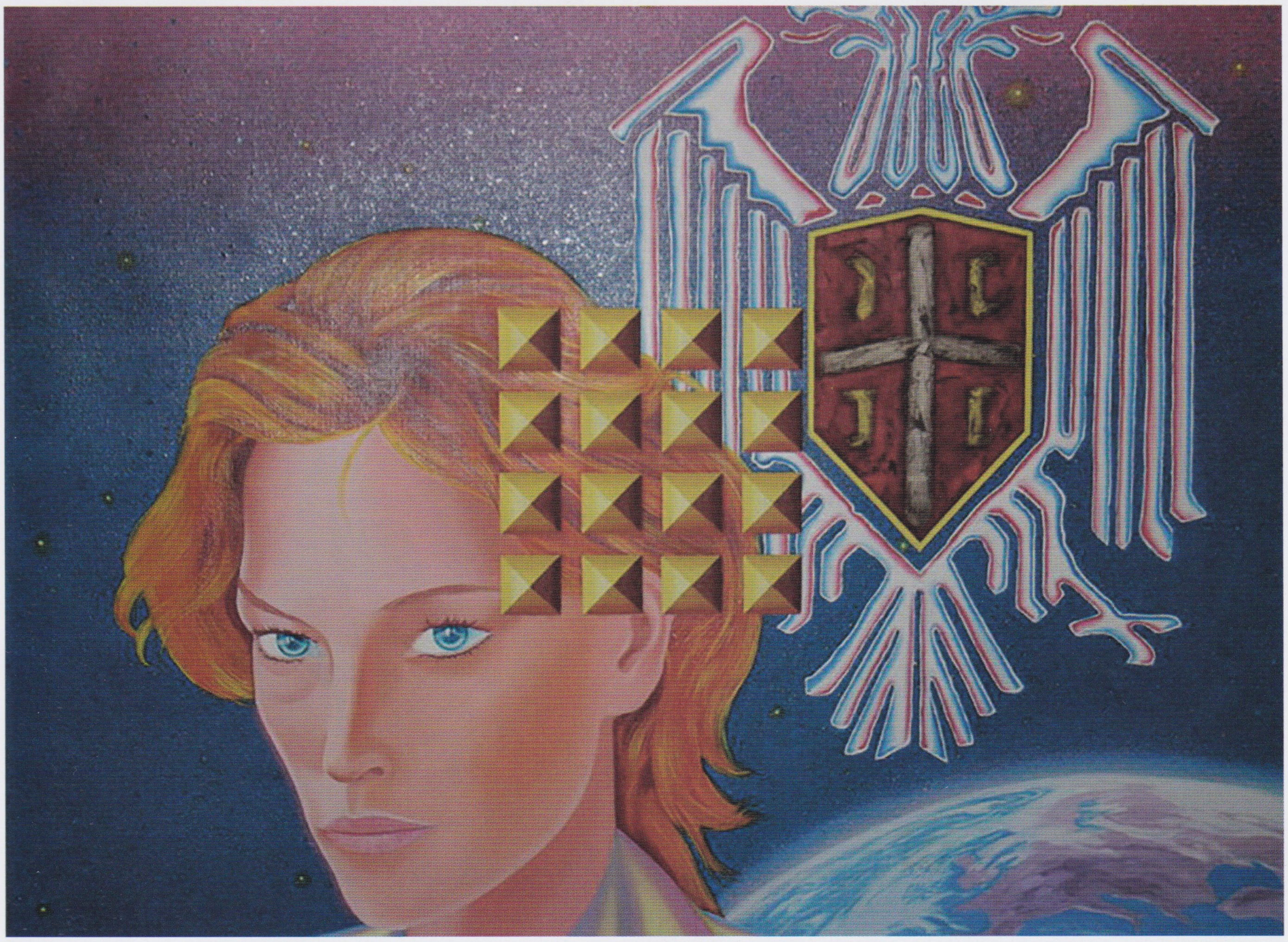

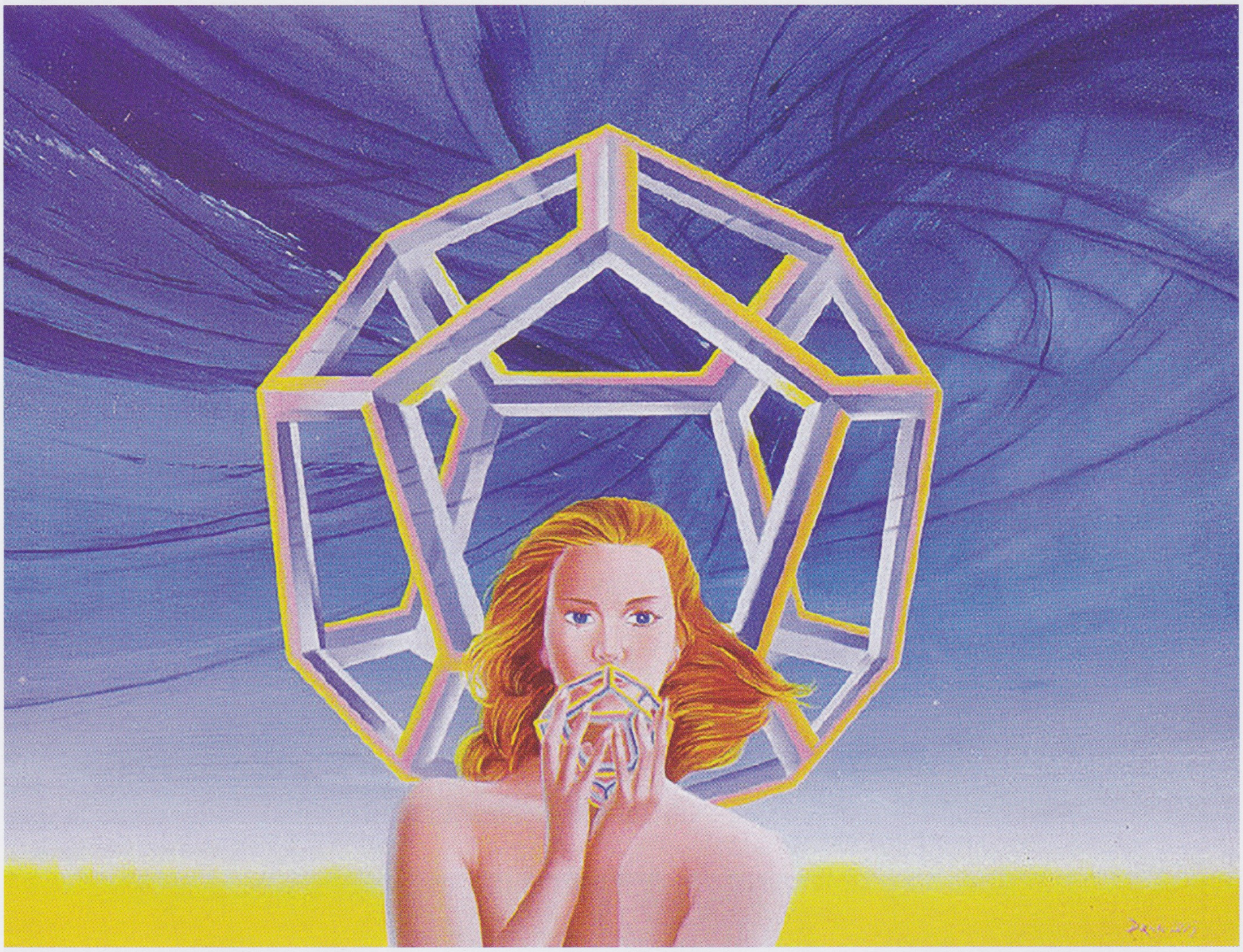

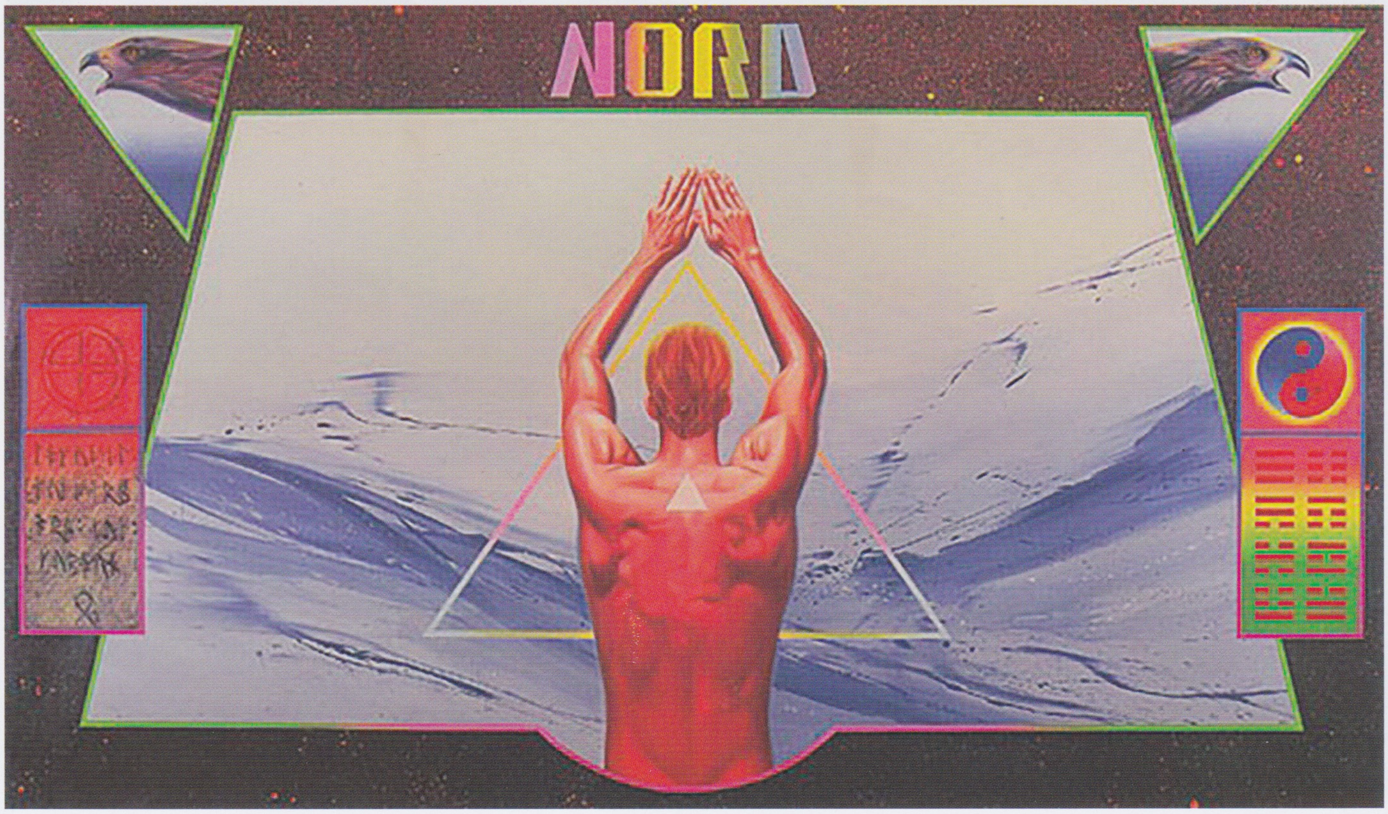
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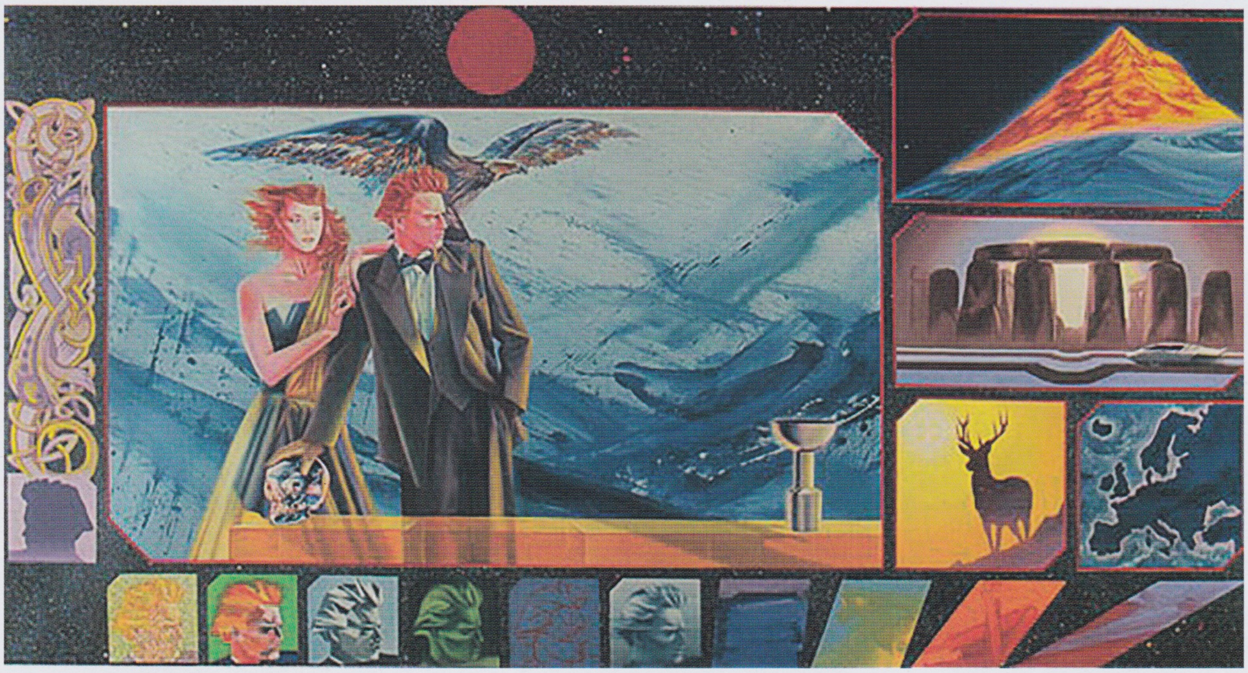

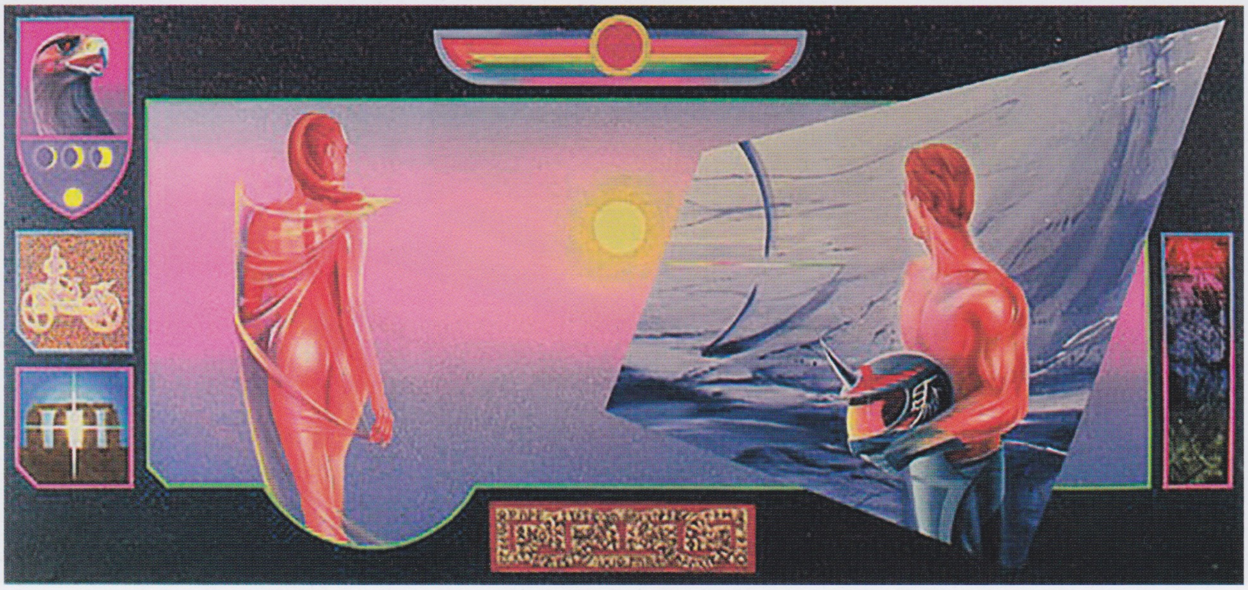

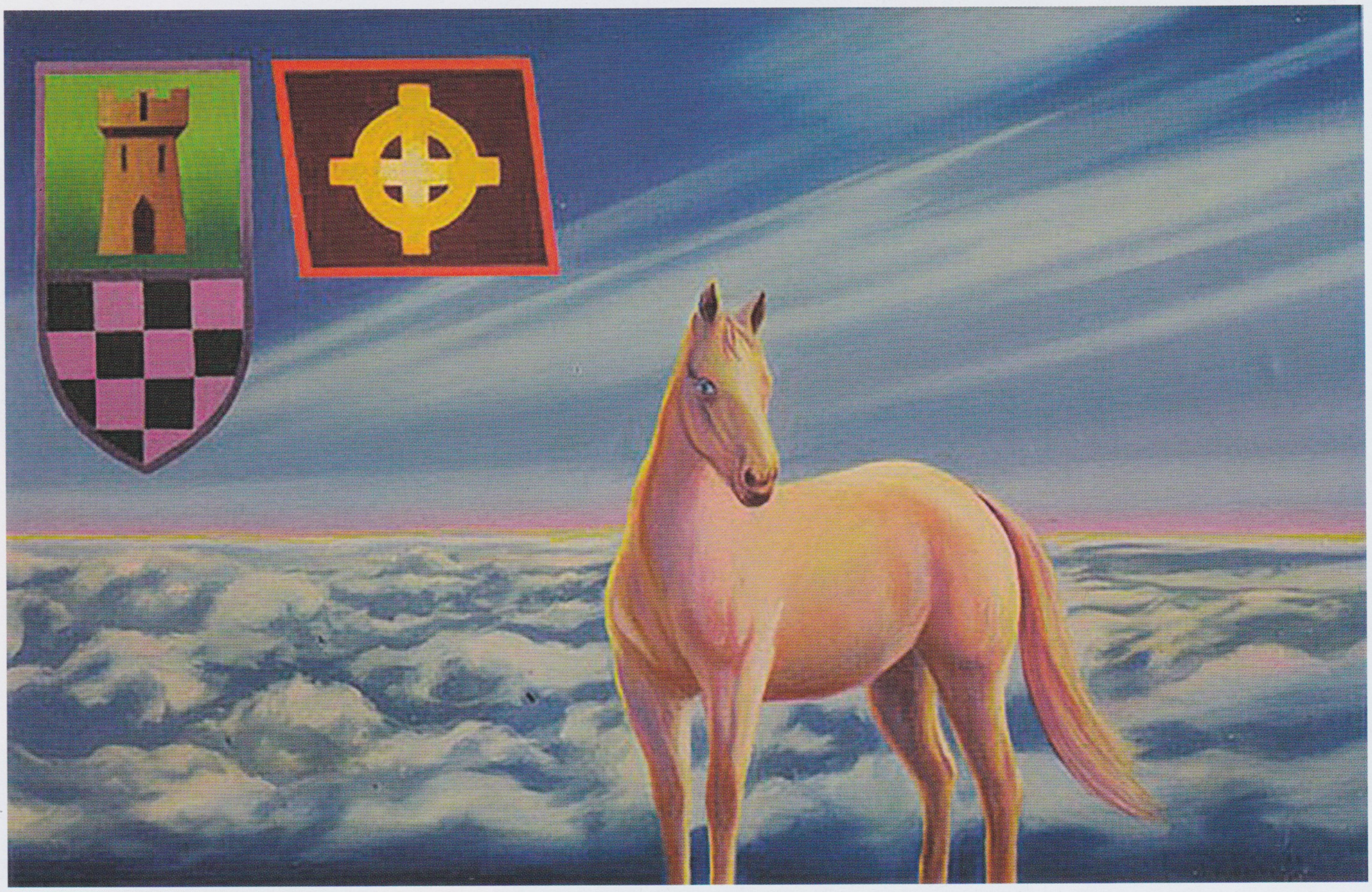

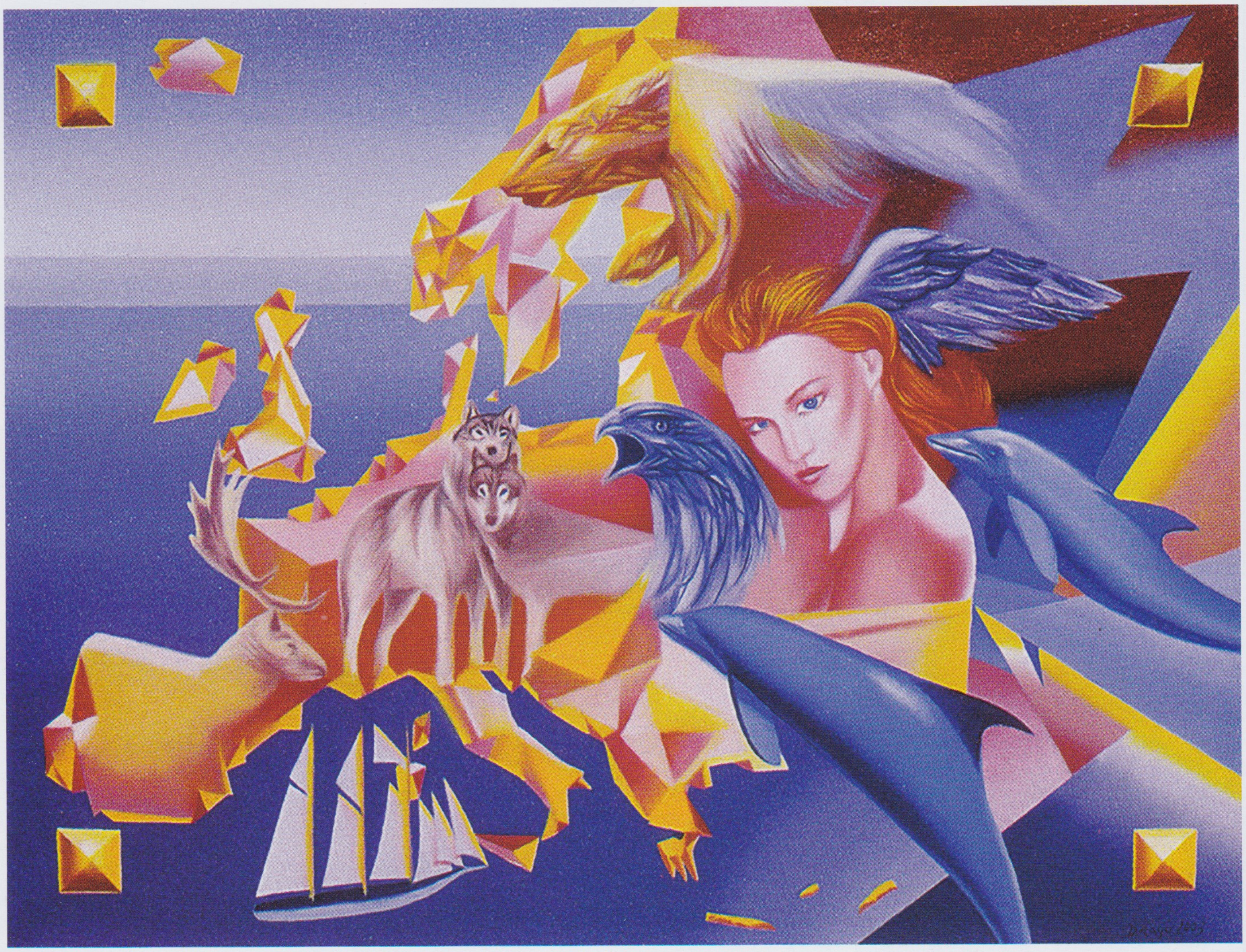

J W Foster is an artist from Yorkshire, Great Britain and has exhibited his work both in his native county and in France. Mainly working in watercolour and ink, his paintings continue the tradition of Romantic realism in landscape painting made famous by the likes of Gainsborough, Friedrich and Constable. Foster often blends natural scenes with buildings that are architecturally and aesthetically organic and integrate into their verdant surroundings. Most are landscapes of his native Yorkshire, and, in this collection, one can see Emley Moor (Page XLIV), a series of Wentworth Woodhouse (opposite page bottom & Pages XLII & XLIII), a Pennine landscape (Page XLI), Conisbrough Castle (as it would have been in its pomp (Page XL)) and the old bell mine at Elsecar (opposite page top); but he also paints on his voyages around Europe as a whole, as witnessed by his paintings of the Parthenon in Athens (below) and the Abbaye aux Hommes in Caen (Page XLI). One criticism Foster has of many watercolourists is the blandness of their oeuvres in their use of a 'wishy-washy' technique in which there is a lack of definition of lines, contours and borders, and colour is often watered down to a minimum. Foster is influenced by J M W Turner's ethic of using bright colours to draw the attention of the public and uses inks for increased sharpness of line.

David Hamilton's *Culture Wars: To Discipline the Devil's Regions* (Paperback)

A Review by Gina Hunt

The underlying premise of this original book is that our civilisation is being destroyed from within by anti-artists and their sponsors. Unlike other critics of contemporary art and architecture David Hamilton does not write in abstractions from fear of making bold statements but uses practical reasoning and gives ample examples of the destruction of our culture and towns and cities. He names names. The dynamic is to take the artistic and cultural establishment head-on. This is not the work of a reactionary but a traditionalist who is bringing traditional ways and thinking to bear on contemporary problems. He exposes the attempt to destroy our art and culture from within and how the perpetrators finance this with money confiscated from taxpayers who do not want their art and culture destroyed and through funding from Global Corporations who wish to break down cultural distinctions and national boundaries.

Culture Wars is a seminal work and begins the process of cultural renewal, which is something in which we can all participate in our own ways. It is not a negative study. The author makes positive suggestions and gives solid reasons for his conclusions.

What struck me is that he offers a new definition of art that is different from contemporary unfathomable abstract definitions and which is applicable to a potential counter-cultural revolution. He explains the dichotomy of "technique" versus "applied knowledge": the difference between technique, which produces form, and artistic talent or knack, which produces content or meaning, and which is born into one as a "gift" and can not be taught. The modern era is one of technique, which is rote use of linear thinking. He uses a very enlightening explanation of how the two interact: the partnership of The Beatles and their producer George Martin, who gave form to their natural genius. (pp.12–13)

The book opens with the degeneracy of the modern visual arts, with the revolution of the 60s that made art into vulgar "mass culture", stopping the sacred fount of artistic creativity and substituting sterile shock techniques in its place. The examples Hamilton provides of the increasing use of pornography in modern art are enlightening because they reveal that these, often literally, excremental productions are ardently promoted by "art" collectors.

He demonstrates that contemporary anti-artists are spreading evil by promoting paedophilia and the abuse of children. As evidence of how anti-artists not only encourage paedo-

philia but also encourage the murder of children, he quotes Jake Chapman, who said that the boys who murdered Liverpool toddler James Bulger performed "a good social service". He cites the starving of a dog in an art gallery in Nicaragua and states that we are on the way back to human sacrifices as art.

The author admits to being a Traditional or National Conservative. This has led to false comparisons with Roger Scruton but Scruton is more of a German Idealist than a Conservative. Scruton constructs abstract arguments or quotes un-Conservative philosophers like Kant and Plato. Hamilton has none of these confusions and quotes Edmund Burke and Michael Oakeshott's Rationalism in Politics and follows the British Empirical tradition. He notably entitled his essay on the environment and animals Another Vindication of Natural Society.

Hamilton is a former journalist and salesman who travels around photographing interesting things and having a few pints with locals. He refuses to dumb down and treats his readers as intelligent people. It is a complicated book and as Brett Stevens (amerika.com) says in his excellent and insightful Foreword:

"Readers new to the idea of traditional thinking may take a few moments to adapt to the winding, seemingly care free form. Over time it becomes clear that this style is designed to bring out the sentiment and aesthetics of the subject matter, and not to be merely functional in the way that a catalogue description, law or instructions to a factory worker might be. This is a text to get lost in, to mull over, and enjoy in front of a warm fire. Unlike modern texts, which have one speed, this one goes as fast as you do, and you get out of it what you put into it."

The result is an insightful introduction into the world of traditional thought. This form of conservatism pre-dates the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, and is as organic as the society it idealizes. As he says, "Traditional culture has depth: you can penetrate its productions as far as you have the depth to go."

The idea of conservation and conservatism, along with the contemp-orary ruination of our countryside by the coalition, which is led by non-conservatives, is exposed as un-necessary and self-interested. The new HS2 high speed railways are EU directives and the British government has to obey. It will lead to villages being demolished and farmland lost to save a few rich people 20 minutes travel time between Birmingham and London.

Hamilton explicates the source of the decay that has been imposed on Britain from the top, the unrelenting subversion of the Christian faith that was the original source of the great art of Britain from the Middle Ages until the early twentieth century. The subtitle is from line four of hexagram 64 of the I Ching and refers to combating the Forces of Decadence. This deals with the capitulation of the Anglican Church and the way they have closed the public out of their cliquey, declining church. (p.80) He reminds us that

"traditional culture grows from religion" (p.81) and that the real source of art is the "numinous", as it "is the basis of the yearning for beauty, awe, grandeur in public buildings". (p.67)

Pornography has been substituted for art, ugly functionalism for architecture or "angry young men" and subversive Cultural Marxist drama from the 1960s (dramas of desperation and misery) for the essentially religious tragedies of the classical world, the morality plays of the Middle Ages and the Elizabethan and Jacobean tragedies in England.

These essays on drama expose the harmfulness of nihilist writers and the subversive bourgeois Cultural Marxist writers who were amply rewarded with taxpayers' money by the new elites for trying to destroy their own culture from within. He states in the opening sentence that there is a war on British culture and in the opening to the essay on Elizabethan and Jacobean drama "that twentieth century Cultural Marxist drama is nihilistic and subversive and moves from order to chaos; although Elizabethan Revenge and Overreacher Tragedies were gory, but moved from barbarism to civilisation and the plays have a positive sense of coming together, not being dislocated". (p.115)

In the final paragraphs of this essay, he makes more practical suggestions. Contemporary playwrights write Politically Correct platitudes leaving a vacuum to be filled by a contemporary explanation of our world by new Traditionalist playwrights. As they would be refused money by The Arts Council and refused a stage by the theatres, they would need places to develop plays and perform. This also applies to musical or other artistic endeavours. Many pubs need custom since the smoking ban and excessive taxation has ruined the business for so many, and traditionalist actors and writers could book rooms above these pubs to develop a drama for our time. The task of these dramatic phalanxes would be to re-link to certain traditions and convey our history and continuity. (p114)

To those who love traditional Britain but have to look on helplessly at the rapid, deliberate and ruthless destruction of the art and culture of their nation and feel pushed out, Culture Wars will serve as a beacon of light, an extraordinary source of moral support and encouragement. This is not a systematic work, but discursive essays. The author told me that, essentially, tradition means re-linking with our common ancestors and our common roots.

He also uses examples from ordinary art, like the ones in two Liverpool pubs: the mural of Charles Dickens' characters in the Peter Kavanagh, and the mural that John Lennon had a hand in in The Jacaranda, to show that art produces many affects - not only shock. (p.8)

In an essay on contemporary architecture he warns us that we suffer from a "syndrome of social, cultural,

political and environmental pressures that are dissociating people from their communal identity, severing them from traditional civilizing structures that their ancestors could take for granted" (p,69).

He shows that contemporary buildings disjoint the areas and communities where they are built and pushes people out of their communities by their ugliness, instead of drawing them in as traditional architecture does. He shows how the estates people are being forced into have a very detrimental affect and causes the people to lose fellow-feeling and rob, mug and burgle their neighbours. He compares the state-sponsored degeneracy of the working classes with what the Canadian government did to the native Innu. (p.39)

Destructive assaults on town and city landscapes, which he calls Urbiscapes, such as the London "Shard" designed by Renzo Piano, are extolled by art critics like Tim Abrahams (who edited the leading architecture and design magazine, Blueprint). Spiked Online refused to publish an alternative view from the author but said he could cut it down and send it as a letter! He related that this anti-art is promoted and funded by the national Arts Council with public monies from the government and the National Lottery.

Instead of the proper artistic purpose of the spiritual elevation of man through art, there has entered today, through the various academic channels employed by pseudo-art-theorists, a diabolical purpose - the essential corruption of man. Hamilton takes care to highlight to the reader the essence of artistic creation, the importance of tradition in artistic activity and the religious springs of all art. He exhorts his readers to adopt "traditional forms developed for the current time to express emotions and feelings like awe, reverence, the sacred, the holy, the transcendental - positive human feelings." (p.94)

A practical suggestion is the revival of the sixteenth century office of Lord Lieutenant to be appointed by the Crown and endowed with the task of protecting the local communities of Britain from the ideological and commercial aims of financial and political elites (p.46)

There is a new definition of art for a new age, a traditional basis for architecture and town planning, greater protection for animals and the environment, analysis of Nihilist and subversive Cultural Marxist drama, and the superior Elizabethan and Jacobean tragedy, and English Churches and the history, symbolism and legends associated with them.

This is an updating of traditionalist thinking for contemporary circumstances and has a lot to offer people who feel they, their country and its culture are being destroyed from within by evil and degenerate elites. It is an original and practical defence of our culture and traditions and a major criticism of contemporary art and architecture which is destroying our culture and communities. It is not reactionary but positive and supplies new ideas and arguments.

Clarence Caddell is the *nom de plume* of a high school teacher living in Melbourne, Australia, whose poems have been published in a variety of publications. In *War for Wheat*, he uses some quaint modernist techniques to address a cluster of themes and to draw some possibly eccentric connections between them. He states that the poem has two philosophically contradictory theses: firstly, that Western civilization ended tragically, as Céline remarked, with the fall of Stalingrad; secondly, that civilization *tout court* has had a malign trajectory from the start. Readers familiar with a 'paleo diet' or with the desolation of certain wheatbelt districts will be well positioned to understand the poem's associative logic. Pound's logo-poetics informs Caddell's technique and sensibility, although, in general he states that the poetry he reads for enjoyment has only a tenuous relation to the poetry he writes. In general, Caddell's tightly-structured modernist poetry is an ideal vehicle for his dark humour, as he exposes the vacuity of the post-modern world.

War for Wheat

1.
I worked my way up from the contact centre
to gender studies lecturer; like learning
not so much a foreign language as the means
to get paid teaching yours as one—

Meanwhile your mind is free
to engage in novel forms of literacy;
your hands are idle, doodling

But then I lost it all at the Xmas party
talking sense for a change (in this advanced
phase of the managerial society
one waitress skipped out on her RSA)

Consider the birds:
        their bodies
are adapted to processing lectins,
phytates, gluten;
so leave grains to them, and see
if the landlord will let you keep some chickens

Find a nice girl—
and when the strain of it all gets her down,
supporting you while you go back to school
again, counsel her:

To succeed in customer service, just pretend
you're looking after babies

2.
The drain cover in the urinal resembles
a carapace, a biomorph through being
reflected in the trough—
which proves it's all a matter of perception
as with the libertarian who
mistook you for a leprechaun:
Aren't you angry that they took away your gold?

The toilet renovations completed usher in
a new phase of sexual dimorphism:
the teamleader in leather pants
and a necklace, bib or fallen beard
of artificial roses; still

this social animal does its business indoors

3.
Stick an 'a(lf)penny loaf
at the end of a fishin'
pole &; paint it red
in protest 'gainst
obesity, cancer, coeliac disease, ETC.
the concept of man as an egg-laying machine

that gained currency round about the time
currency was invented (the same region, incidentally
where subterraneous vegetable oil
would later come to light)

Poaching a capital offence
one side of the Channel; on the other
public cannibalism coming into fashion—

What happened?

Satan fell for 9 days and nights

Stalingrad fell and that was the End
(bar one last meal of cheese ravioli)

then we were born

dwarves emerging from a frost giant's corpse

in a city depending from the void

so that everyone had to wear gravity boots
and take nausea pills
        —a child of thirty-five
gasped at what she imagined a pair
of seed leaves, in fact a subterfuge:
a pair of green lips on a noseless face!

Then thunder clapped
ironically

a sense of finitude flung into to the brazen depths
of the anaemic sky which bled
water up at us, and in under the eaves
there for the nth time drowning all
the rusted tools from China

Then I thought of getting a job in the country

We stayed in the pub
The publican had a Chinese bride
on order. A local lad
had recently been on a TV
courting show
We had a beer under the signed T-shirt
The regulars were off their faces

The railway station resembled
a dilapidated garden shed
in a yard with no garden

The IGA took delivery
of fresh produce once a week
(it's best to order ahead, apparently)
the butcher's shop had verses from
the Apocalypse in the windows
and nothing else

I didn't get the job

David Yorkshire is an academic and writer and editor of this magazine. He has travelled extensively around Europe and was educated both in Britain and on the continent. He therefore speaks several languages and has a wide appreciation of European arts and culture. Creatively, he writes both poetry and prose on various themes. He was a published poet many years ago, before giving up due to his disgust at the increasing expectation by those in control of the arts for Occidental artists to debase their own people and culture. His short stories, as is the case with this one, tend to be influenced by what T S Eliot called 'the mythic method', where myth underpins the narrative. He is also influenced by post-modernism; but whereas post-modernist texts tend to be deliberately deconstructive and nihilistic in relation to European tradition and values, David Yorkshire turns this back around to reify the traditional eternal truths in what he calls 'reconstruction'. In this short story, for example, he subverts Beckett's nihilism and Kafka's critique of exclusion. David Yorkshire hates people who talk about themselves in the third person.

The Wall at the End of the Garden

With his scientist's eye, Professor Charles D Boltzmann could see his niece was on the verge of becoming hysterical again. He watched her stalk the room like Artemis, the huntress, pausing at the window to cast a predatory glance into the garden and beyond – beyond to the great wall that marked the end of her world. Like Artemis, she had such poise and grace and high noble bearing. And yet her name was Helen.

'It really is hot in here, Uncle Charles,' she ventured.

'I'll turn the heating down.' He got up from his reclining chair, marking the page he was on.

'Stifling rather,' she corrected. She looked up at the portrait above the fireplace, whose familiarity had bred contempt, then down to the miniature Venus de Milo on the mantelpiece, white marble, armless, art imitating life.

'Go for a walk around the garden then, get some air,' he said calmly.

'I've seen the garden a million times. I've seen every tree, every shrub, every blade of grass.'

'Yes, I've been meaning to help Gaia rearrange it, but I've had so much to do. We were thinking of perhaps making the lake into a split-level affair with a waterfall and—'

'It doesn't matter. You could build the Taj Mahal next to the lake for all I care. Only why can't I go and see the Taj Mahal? Why can't I see Buckingham Palace or the Golden Gate Bridge or the Statue of Liberty?'

'You can. There's a whole library of books just down the corridor. You know that.'

'Don't play with me, Uncle. You know what I mean.'

'Yes. Yes, I'm afraid I do Hel. But I've told you you're not old enough to go out into the world yet. It's a dangerous place.'

'Not even old enough to go beyond the wall?'

'You're only fourteen, Hel.'

'It seems like I've been fourteen forever. Anyway, I've read in books that other girls my age go out and have friends and go to cinemas together, so—'

'They used to. They don't anymore.'

'Well, why not? Perhaps they have insane relatives who keep them locked up all day like in those novels by Ann Radcliffe. Where are my real parents anyway? My mother and father?'

'We've been through all that. Your parents were killed when they went beyond the wall.'

'That's what you say, but how do I know that? What is there on the other side of that wall anyway? Great wolves and serpents, I suppose. Perhaps the odd troll and frost giant.'

'Don't be so petulant. There are worse things in the real world than in myth and faerytale. I'll tell you what's out there, shall I? Chaos. Evil. Death.'

'Well you have to know these things in order to know what goodness is.'

'What nonsense! I see you've had your nose in those philosophy books again. Well here's some philosophy for you: evil can easily destroy naïve little girls. Now, you can go and contemplate this and philosophise all you want in your room. Go on!'

Helen sobbed all the way upstairs as her Uncle Charles sank back into his chair, muttering the forgotten words of a forgotten man: 'I have done nothing but in care of thee.' His wife came in the front door.

'You heard it all, I suppose?'

'I waited until it was over. We're going to have to tell her soon.'

'I know, Gaia. I'm just trying to work out how I can do it without driving her to despair. It's not an easy burden knowing what we know. It drove my poor Alan and Emma mad until... Well...'

'Yes, I know. But she's going to keep asking until you give in. And if you don't, she might go mad all the same.'

'Hmm. But if I can just stall her for a little while longer, I may have found a solution to our problem.'

'I hope so, Charles, I really do.'

'You know what? I might just have an idea on how to stall Helen after all.'

Professor Boltzmann came up from the laboratory just as Helen started her pacing of the lounge. She was less like the huntress now and more like a caged animal.

'I have some good news for you, Hel.'

Helen stopped her pacing, yet did not turn to face her bringer of glad tidings.

'On your fifteenth birthday, I'll let you see what's beyond the wall.'

'You mean you'll let me go out beyond the wall?'

'No. It's too dangerous. But I'll let you see what's beyond the wall.'

'And how will I know when it's my birthday?'

'It'll be your birthday in fifteen days – when the sun rises fifteen times.'

'And I'll be sure to count the days. Why don't we have clocks here, anyway? I've seen in films houses always have clocks. It's so hard to keep track of time.'

'Time is a dead measurement. But hopefully it will not always be so. I hope that soon there will be clocks again, and watches and calendars and perhaps an old weathered sundial in the garden.' His face betrayed a mixture of emotions: hope, sadness, longing, chagrin.

Helen looked confused and yet was satisfied and pacified during the days that followed, although her uncle was too busy downstairs in his laboratory to notice much. Helen was silent, almost unnoticeable, and read the days away in the library, filling the time with her favourites: Locke, Rousseau, Paine, Bentham, Mill, Fromm, Marcuse, Žižek. Yet when the day arrived, Helen waited outside her guardians' bedroom like a child at Christmas-time. And, when her uncle emerged, she pounced on him with wild eyes.

'Yes, I know, I know. Well, come on then, let's go.'

Her uncle led Helen down into the laboratory, past strange scientific equipment that seemed almost organic, past rows of large tanks of fluid monitored by wreaths of cameras, past a wall composed of monitors like an insect's eye and to a lift on the other side of the vast room. They got in and Professor Boltzmann pushed the button for the top floor.

'Where are we going?' enquired Helen.

'You've seen the tower in this house from outside in the garden, haven't you?'

'Yes, I've been in it a few times. It's part of the library. Not very interesting though. All the books are on science and stuff.'

'Well, there'll come a time when you may be more interested in science, but you remember the dome at the very top?'

'The attic?'

'Well, it's not really an attic. It's an observatory. We're there now in any case. Come see for yourself.'

They walked into the circular room, decorated sparsely with old prints of Galileo, Copernicus, Halley, Hubble and Moore. Cobweb nets and doilies of long-dead spiders adorned the room as the notebooks slowly sickened from jaundice and a mustiness grew like a fungus, the air seeming thick with spores.

'In the old days, I watched a thousand ships fly off into space from here, Hel. We modified the telescope to ob-

serve the savages outside when we built the wall.'

'Savages? You mean there are people out there, Uncle?'

'Not people, savages. As far as I know, the last remnants of humanity exist within the confines of that wall.'

'I'm sure you're wrong, Uncle. There's nobleness in all people.'

'You're philosophising again. Well, see for yourself.'

As her uncle opened the roof, Helen gave the lens a clean with her dress, then looked through the eyepiece into an alien world. The ground nearest the wall, as far as she could see, was a barren wasteland with only the odd rock to break up the monotony. Then, looking further, perhaps some twenty miles away, past an arid valley, towards the horizon, the tall buildings of a city rose up proudly from the earth.

'You see, civilisation!' Helen snapped excitedly, yet her uncle remained unmoved.

'Look more closely,' he said quietly.

She turned the optic and focused in and followed the remains of a road that led into the city. 'There's smoke coming out of one of the buildings.'

'Really? I didn't think there would be anything left to burn by now,' Charles said, surprised and yet phlegmatic.

'There are some... people... coming out of the building. Two men... a woman with a baby.' She paused. 'Oh God!' She rushed to her uncle, clung to him like a limpet to a great ship. He swayed gently. 'It was horrible!'

'I know, dear, I know.'

And Helen knew by the fatigue in Uncle Charles' voice that he had seen such things many times before, and yet she could not help but describe it between sobs. 'There were others. They came out of another building...with weapons. They clubbed them all to death. All of them. Even the baby.'

'Come on, Hel. You'll only upset yourself.' He tried to coax her away from the telescope. 'That's how it is for those who have lost the ability to create. Or those who never had it. Fighting for scraps among the remnants of what once was. And only the most ruthless survive.'

'No. I can't believe they're all like that. They're human after all. They have feelings and emotions; therefore they must feel pity, remorse and guilt.'

'You're philosophising again, but I see you can't be persuaded. I'll leave you with one thing to think about though. Don't see things because you want to see things. The difference between scientists and philosophers is that philosophers often frame the hypothesis and write the conclusion before making the experiment.' And with that, he sealed himself in the lift and was gone.

Helen whiled away many an hour and a day with the telescope and, despite his concern, the professor was inwardly relieved that she had found something to occupy herself, for he

could spend more time in the laboratory. He had almost finished reconstructing the methylated cytosines without them mutating. Another year, he thought, and he might be ready to start the practical.

But Helen had been conducting research of her own, and one day Charles found her lying in wait in the study under pretence of reading a book. She allowed him a moment to get comfortable and then pounced on him. 'I've found one.'

Her Uncle Charles raised his eyes as his face lowered involuntarily. He knew exactly what she meant and could see an idea fully-formed in her glittering eye. 'What do you propose?' he said wearily.

'I've considered that, while it is obviously too dangerous to go out there, and, in any case, the purpose would be to isolate him from the others, we could bring him here.'

'No. Absolutely not.' His voice was savage before he wheeled away to prevent any response. And yet he knew it would not be the end of the matter.

'What are we going to do with her?' said Gaia later, when they were alone.

'I just don't know. And yet I need to keep her sweet. I'm afraid I'm going to need all the help I can get soon.'

'Is everything ready?'

'Almost. I'll need another couple of months. But Helen will have to train in the laboratory ready for when the time comes for the practical.'

'I'm glad you're making progress. It gives us hope for the future.'

'Well, nothing is guaranteed of course. You remember what happens each time. How's the garden anyway?'

'Oh, it's blossoming beautifully. Do you know, I don't think I've ever seen it looking so wonderful. It reminds me of when we were young and we'd take the masters' children walking round the lake.'

'Yes. Perhaps we'll see such days again.'

'I hope so. I really do.'

Charles tried to coax Helen into the laboratory over the following days, but, like some wild animal forced into captivity, remained despondent and spent her days in the observatory or watching the swans upon the lake. She felt far more for the swans than her uncle, always had. There was something cold about him, something clinical, that of the scientist and not the philosopher.

What was Professor Boltzmann to do? The days when he would need Helen were drawing ever nearer and needs must. What could one do? And yet he feared, he knew, deep within his being that sense of foreboding that all the creatures of this earth feel when danger threatens, save those that have, or believe they have, evolved beyond such feelings. And despite his better judgement, he relented.

*   *   *

The savage wondered where he was. Ping. His head hurt, yet he knew

instinctively it was not severe. He checked for injury. Ping. There was none. Strange. He looked around. White walls and a sound. Ping. Bright light. Ping. He tore the wires and needles from his arm. Ping. Smashed the machine. Silence. Sat up. White walls, white bed, white ceiling. Breathing. Door. He rushed towards it. Punched it. No effect. Waited. A girl appeared at the door. Sexy. She was his captor. Bad. He stared at her instinctively.

Helen stayed behind the door. She knew he would be confused, afraid. 'I've brought you some food.' She pushed it through the letter box and onto the shelf.

He looked at it suspiciously at first, then hovered over it, sniffed at it, shot Helen another black look with his black eyes, and ate it.

When he'd finished, he looked back at her, an expressionless gaze, betraying nothing. Helen stared at herself in those two black mirrors, trying to discern the thoughts behind his shields. They were impenetrable.

'We mean you no harm,' she ventured. 'I'm Helen. What's your name?'

He looked blankly at her.

'Do you speak English?'

There was another pause. Then: 'Yi.'

'Do you have a name?' she tried again.

'Yi. Aluruk. Where me be? What you want wid me?'

'We... that is I... want to help you. I've been watching you through... we have a telescope. Do you know what a telescope is? Well, it's an instrument that magnifies something far away, so that you can see it in detail.'

Aluruk looked confused.

'Well, it doesn't matter. I've been observing you and I've seen that you're... different from the others. From the other people you're with, I mean. You spend time apart from them. I can see you're a thinker – a philosopher maybe.'

There was nothing but a blank stare in return.

'I'll come back when you're feeling better. The drugs will wear off soon.'

She came back just as promised; time and again she came back to talk to him, the books she had read, the films she had seen, her ideas, her thoughts, her dreams. She filled his head with her from the doorway and he listened. What else was there to do? She told him of her aunt and uncle and their life together in the house, their isolation, her loneliness. He listened to it all patiently, silently, day after day, and then he spoke.

'Easy here. Hard for us. Gotta eat. Gotta fight for stuff. No rest. No peace. Want peace you know. You seem nice. You comprendi.'

She did understand and she went into the room. The savage smiled at her. He had such a noble face, such a caring expression, and he held her hand so tenderly when she came to

him. How could Uncle Charles believe this was an animal?

Helen helped Charles willingly in the laboratory; she learned her jobs so easily and was always on hand with the right instrument or piece of equipment; Charles soon forgot his fears. When alone working at night, all he could think of was how close he was, how soon it would be that he could begin the practical, how soon he could try again. Helen meanwhile spent every moment away from her uncle in the safe room with Aluruk. Helen did most of the talking while Aluruk listened patiently.

One thing Aluruk did say that began to eat away at Helen though was when Helen was discussing, or rather lecturing about, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. 'Not free here,' said Aluruk, 'Like Jim.'

Professor Boltzmann knew the question already, had seen it coming. 'He may indeed walk about the house and garden, but first he has to wear this.' He gave Helen what was ostensibly a simple plastic collar.'

'What is it?'

'A safeguard.'

'What will it do to him?'

'Nothing... if he behaves himself.'

'You're treating him like a criminal.'

'No, not like a criminal, like an animal. Which is what these creatures are. Well, if I'm wrong, he'll prove me wrong, won't he?' and he nodded towards the collar.

Helen wheeled away, indignant. Yet she knew her uncle would not be gainsaid on this one. She would have to comply, as much as she knew it was wrong to dehumanise Aluruk in such a way.

He looked at the collar with disgust and disdain, and then at Helen. 'You dis me wid dis.'

Helen did not understand the words, but understood the look. 'I'm sorry, but it's the only way my uncle will allow you out of the room.' She put the collar around his neck and he acquiesced. He understood.

Helen showed him around her small world: the several acres of garden with all of its wondrous flora and fauna, its waterfalls, brooks, streams, rapids, ponds and great lake that rushed and swirled with fish; she showed him the hills and dales, thick woodland and open fields; she showed him round the vast house with its immense library that housed the world's knowledge. And she saw in him a change. He no longer seemed to be on a permanent state of alert. His movements were no longer sharp and swift. And for Helen, her little microcosm seemed new again.

She began to teach Aluruk how to read and write, expanded his vocabulary, corrected his grammar; she showed him how to plant seeds and nurture shrubs and saplings. And she was sure to update her uncle on all his progress. Yet her uncle only paid lip service to her experiment, engrossed as

he was in his own. What was he doing anyway? She was his assistant and yet barely knew a thing about his work.

She found Aluruk by the great gate as the sun rose red. 'So dis da way out,' he said.

'Yes, and the way in.'

'Da way I was brought in when I was caught.'

'Yes,' she said with embarrassment.

He felt his collar. 'I know what dis is for. I knew it by instinct when you first put it on, and since, I feel its power every time I have destructive thoughts. It gives me a good shock every time I git aggressive. A good trick dat – first you catch me and den stop me from asserting my displeasure. You bring me to the garden yet I am not allowed to eat of da fruits.' He leered at Helen knowingly.

'But you talk like you're a prisoner.'

'And am I not?'

'No. I rescued you'

'From what?'

'From that hell out there.'

'Better to be a king in hell dan a slave in heaven. I never aksed to be "rescued" as you call it. Your word not mine.'

'A king? But you were hardly ever with your people. You were always so alone, so apart from the others. I observed you through the telescope.'

'You really are just a silly little girl, aren't you? You observed and still you did not understand. A king, a leader must be apart, he cannot be one of da masses. All dem books and you understand noffink. Perhaps dem books are not worf da paper dey are writ on. But I do understand dem who wrote da books, especially dem philosophers you so love. All of dem wanted to be followed, wanted to be even more dan kings, wanted to set demselves up as gods. Yeh, do you really fink dey cared about da masses? Da masses are dere to be used and manipulated like da pawns on one of your uncle's chess boards. Did you really fink vough dat I did not willingly bave my hands in blood with da rest of dem? I did even more than dey; how d'you fink I became leader?'

Helen stared in horror at Aluruk's face as the words came pouring out; his impassivity now seemed but a ruthless coldness. 'Get out!' she sobbed, her voice as broken as her very soul. She pressed her trembling hand against the sensor panel and the great steel gate slid open.

Aluruk walked back into the world of ruins and fragments of what once was. Behind him, the girl ran over the lush green grass, past the orchards and groves to the great house in the distance. Aluruk pondered a while outside the wall, waiting for something that did not come, and then, realising his opportunity, sprinted off into the wasteland.

Uncle Charles found his niece in the library, sobbing into Emile. He had become worried when Helen had not

appeared to help him that evening as promised.

'You were right, Uncle,' she wept. 'All this, it's nonsense.'

'Not all of it,' her uncle conceded.

'I sent him out. Back where he came from.'

'You did right. Such creatures have no place here. What's that?'

'What?' Helen started.

'I thought I heard something. It sounded like a hammering at the door.' He thought for a moment. 'You did close the gate didn't you Hel?'

Helen's sickly expression told him all he needed to know.

'Get into the tower quickly. And as soon as you hear voices, seal the inner doors, whether I'm there or not.'

She fled to the tower and waited as her uncle had told her, hoping desperately that he would reappear soon and unscathed.

He did, carrying Gaia over his shoulder. 'Seal the doors,' he commanded.

He carefully laid Gaia down in a corner and quickly covered her with a sheet. He then sprang to the screen and turned it on.

The savages were already in the laboratory, smashing anything they could with rusting iron bars. One of them swung at an incubation tank, glass and water exploding over the rod of iron. Others shattered the many flasks, cylinders, condensers and test tubes. Aluruk stood on a desk, collarless, baton raised like a terrible conductor, orchestrating the destruction.

'Why?' Helen despaired.

'You're trying to philosophise again. The answer is simple: it's because that's who they are. But they won't be doing it for long.' He tapped an icon on the display panel.

'What is it, Uncle?'

'Gas.'

'Gas? But you can't Uncle.' Even now she quailed at the thought.

'I can and I will.' Charles' rage was barely contained. Helen had never seen him like this before, the facade of impassivity now contorted into a death mask. 'Just take a look at what they've done to your Aunt Gaia. At this hour lie all my enemies at my mercy, and they shall have none.'

Helen did it automatically, carried over to the still body by the steel voice.

Then Professor Boltzmann remembered himself. 'No, wait!' But it was too late.

Helen had already peeled back the cover part way. She could see her aunt's shoulder, her torn clothes. But where was her arm? There had to be an arm. But there was not. The emptiness of that space where an arm should be filled Helen's vision. It was an anomaly in space, a gaping hole where matter should be. She was dumbfounded, yet logic was quick to reassert itself. If there was no arm, where was the blood? There was none. Just a space where something should be.

Helen's uncle's voice had become unreal, disembodied and distant. It had

become inconsequential. She pulled the sheet further and gasped. Helen had seen many dead bodies in films and in books, but nothing could have prepared her for the sight she beheld now. It was an unnatural sight. Had there been blood and gore, it would have been horrific, and yet this sight before her was, in contrast, more disturbing, deeper, like the undermining of an eternal truth or the rug of reality suddenly being pulled away. The side of Gaia's face had been caved in, the crushed socket having pushed out an eye. But the rear of the eye itself was overtly inorganic and protruded on an optic fibre and slender metal calliper. Looking into the socket, Helen could see beyond the facade of synthetic flesh that was in any case torn open along the cheek and temple. Little flickers of blue light danced around the tight silver circuits, the last electric flickers of life. Through the tears in the white marble skin – or whatever was substituted for skin – the contours of a steely skull could be made out, coated by a fine film of some oily substance, perhaps a lubricant of some description.

Helen stared at her aunt – at it – for an eternity and perhaps ten seconds. Then she looked at her uncle. Her uncle? Even now, despite the shock, she realised. 'You too,' she stated simply.

'Me too,' Professor Boltzmann replied.

'And you say those outside aren't human. And you, you – just a machine.'

'They're not, but you're right, neither am I. And yet I am more human than they. I am human enough to care about humanity – real humanity – the humanity that once existed on this planet and created such wonders...now gone...merely records in those books. I cared about your mother and father.'

'Don't you dare—'

'Mention them? Why not? I created them. And others before them. And each time the same thing: "We have to help the savages." Each time they want to play Jesus and each time they share his fate. Except there is never any salvation for those degenerates outside and the only resurrection is the one I try to provide – the resurrection of mankind.'

'You created my parents? No.'

'Yes. What do you think you were aiding me with? If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. I'm trying to recreate humans from the time before they lost their steel, from before the time their conscience became so overdeveloped that it became a form of egotism.'

She knew it was the truth. Everything made sense. Nothing had before. 'How long have you been trying?'

'One hundred and twenty-four years and forty days. The master, he who created me, could see the disaster coming. He tried to warn others, but they showed that same egotism that posed as conscience – even his children

thought they knew better. And all the while, the savages multiplied like bacteria. The more savages there were, the more savagery there was; those who were supposedly civilized stood no chance. What they thought were good morals were a blueprint for suicide. They became easy prey. So the master made his own blueprints – and created me. Together we created the wall, and then the garden within the wall, so that future humans might be sustained, and then we created Gaia to tend the garden and as a companion to me in the long years to follow, and then we began to try to recreate humans. And then he died.'

'How?' Helen was transfixed.

'Like all humans, he got old.'

'That's him isn't it? The bust in the entrance, the painting in the lounge.'

'Yes – a truly great man. Let's go and see the damage. The gas will have cleared now.'

As they walked out into the laboratory and surveyed the destruction, Professor Charles D Boltzmann's face betrayed his despair. Everything was broken. He composed himself again and then looked down at the faces of the savages contorted in anguish. He was without emotion, a man of steel.

Helen too showed no emotion as she passed the corpses, although when she saw Aluruk, his face frozen in a mixture of hate and pain, she felt a pang of pity and guilt, which she quickly repressed. They walked up and into the entrance hall. Charles paused to righten the bust. Then they looked out past the broken doors and towards the blazing orchards that lit up the dusk.

A knot was growing in Helen's stomach. 'Can you fix all this, Uncle? Can you fix Aunt Gaia and the garden? Will you be able to repair the laboratory and start the experiments again?'

Charles looked thoughtful for a moment and then: 'I don't know, Hel. I'll do my best, but I'm not God. As you've so succinctly pointed out, I'm just a machine. And yet.' He paused, his face aglow with dark shadows dancing around his eyes as he surveyed the fires. 'Trees can be replanted. Machines can be repaired. And perhaps by chance I have stumbled across the most important experiment today. He looked down at a half-shredded book by Rousseau. You know, the French for experiment is expérience. Perhaps I should have let you observe the world outside before you absorbed yourself in all those philosophical tomes. Perhaps the steel is there now, but we blunted it and let it rust instead of honing it and keeping it sharp. Well, speaking of steel, I'd better go and see to the gate.'

'I'll go and close it now,' said Helen. 'After all, it was meant for me.'

H P Lovecraft needs no introduction to many. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island in 1890, where he spent most of his life and died of intestinal cancer in 1937, moving only briefly to New York, where even the then moderate climate of multiracialism caused him to feel uneasy and alienated. This is borne out in his short stories in which the modern civilized world is ever under thread from alien, often primæval, forces. These are sometimes aided and abetted by either outsider figures or the over-curious within our own society – often resulting in or from their own madness. Such a typical tale would be The Dunwich Horror, in which the dangers of miscegenation are also explored. His tales are, despite many imitators, still unique in their blend of Dunsanian fantasy, traditional Poe-esque macabre, elements of the Gothic, occultism, sci-fi and modern horror, wrapped together within the parallel universe of his own mythos. One might point to Arthur Machen as an obvious precursor, which Lovecraft himself would not deny, yet his mythos and his shaping of what is now commonplace in contemporary horror makes him one of the greats of twentieth-century fiction. Less well known, although containing many of these elements, is his poetry. In addition to his fantastic poetic work, one also finds a more personal and reflexive poetry in which the Anglophilic Lovecraft considers America's relation to Great Britain, the related subjects of race, war and bravery, the tension between Nature and civilization, and the arts. Collected here are poems that give an insight into these considerations, in addition to displaying Lovecraft's versatility in his use of style, form and metre.

The City

It was golden and splendid,
That City of light;
A vision suspended
In deeps of the night;
A region of wonder and glory, whose temples were marble and white.

I remember the season
It dawn'd on my gaze;
The mad time of unreason,
The brain-numbing days
When Winter, white-sheeted and ghastly, stalks onward to torture and craze.

More lovely than Zion
It shone in the sky,
When the beams of Orion
Beclouded my eye,
Bringing sleep that was fill'd with dim mem'ries of moments obscure and gone by.

Its mansions were stately
With carvings made fair,
Each rising sedately
On terraces rare,
And the gardens were fragrant and bright with strange miracles blossoming there.

The avenues lur'd me
With vistas sublime;
Tall arches assur'd me
That once on a time
I had wander'd in rapture beneath them, and bask'd in the Halcyon clime.

On the plazas were standing
A sculptur'd array;
Long-bearded, commanding,
Grave men in their day—
But one stood dismantled and broken, its bearded face batter'd away.

In that city effulgent
No mortal I saw;
But my fancy, indulgent
To memory's law,
Linger'd long on the forms in the plazas, and eyed their stone features with awe.

I fann'd the faint ember
That glow'd in my mind,
And strove to remember
The aeons behind;
To rove thro' infinity freely, and visit the past unconfin'd.

Then the horrible warning
Upon my soul sped
Like the ominous morning
That rises in red,
And in panic I flew from the knowledge of terrors forgotten and dead.

The Conscript

I am a peaceful working man—
I am not wise or strong—
But I can follow Nature's plan
In labour, rest, and song.

One day the men that rule us all
Decided we must die,
Else pride and freedom surely fall
In the dim bye and bye.

They told me I must write my name
Upon a scroll of death;
That some day I should rise to fame
By giving up my breath.

I do not know what I have done
That I should thus be bound
To wait for tortures one by one,
And then an unmark'd mound.

I hate no man, and yet they say
That I must fight and kill;
That I must suffer day by day
To please a master's will.

I used to have a conscience free,
But now they bid it rest;
They've made a number out of me,
And I must ne'er protest.

They tell of trenches, long and deep,
Fill'd with the mangled slain;
They talk till I can scarcely sleep,
So reeling is my brain.

They tell of filth, and blood, and woe;
Of things beyond belief;

Of things that make me tremble so
With mingled fright and grief.
I do not know what I shall do—
Is not the law unjust?
I can't do what they want me to,
And yet they say I must!

Each day my doom doth nearer bring;
Each day the State prepares;
Sometimes I feel a watching thing
That stares, and stares, and stares.

I never seem to sleep—my head
Whirls in the queerest way.
Why am I chosen to be dead
Upon some fateful day?

Yet hark—some fibre is o'erwrought—
A giddying wine I quaff—
Things seem so odd, I can do naught
But laugh, and laugh, and laugh!

An American to Mother England

England! My England! Can the surging sea
That lies between us tear my heart from thee?
Can distant birth and distant dwelling drain
Th' ancestral blood that warms the loyal vein?
Isle of my Fathers! hear the filial song
Of him whose sources but to thee belong!
World-conquering Mother! by thy mighty hand
Was carv'd from savage wilds my native land:
Thy matchless sons the firm foundation laid;
Thy matchless arts the nascent nation made:
By thy just laws the young republic grew,
And thro' thy greatness, kindred greatness knew:
What man that springs from thy untainted line

But sees Columbia's virtues all as thine?
Whilst nameless multitudes upon our shore
From the dim corners of creation pour,
Whilst mongrel slaves crawl hither to partake
Of Saxon liberty they could not make,
From such an alien crew in grief I turn,
And for the mother's voice of Britain burn.
England! Can aught remove the cherish'd chain
That binds my spirit to thy blest domain?
Can Revolution's bitter precepts sway
The soul that must the ties of race obey?
Create a new Columbia if ye will;
The flesh that forms me is Britannic still!
Hail! oaken shades, and meads of dewy green,
So oft in sleep, yet ne'er in waking seen.
Peal out, ye ancient chimes, from vine-clad tow'r
Where pray'd my fathers in a vanish'd hour:
What countless years of rev'rence can ye claim
From bygone worshippers that bore my name!
Their forms are crumbling in the vaults around,
Whilst I, across the sea, but dream the sound.
Return, Sweet Vision! Let me glimpse again
The stone-built abbey, rising o'er the plain;
The neighb'ring village with its sun-show'r'd square;
The shaded mill-stream, and the forest fair,
The hedge-lin'd lane, that leads to rustic cot
Where sweet contentment is the peasant's lot;
The mystic grove, by Druid wraiths possess'd,
The flow'ring fields, with fairy-castles blest:
And the old manor-house, sedate and dark,
Set in the shadows of the wooded park.
Can this be dreaming? Must my eyelids close
That I may catch the fragrance of the rose?
Is it in fancy that the midnight vale
Thrills with the warblings of the nightingale?
A golden moon bewitching radiance yields,
And England's fairies trip o'er England's fields.
England! Old England! in my love for thee
No dream is mine, but blessed memory;
Such haunting images and hidden fires
Course with the bounding blood of British sires:
From British bodies, minds, and souls I come,

And from them draw the vision of their home.
Awake, Columbia! scorn the vulgar age
That bids thee slight thy lordly heritage.
Let not the wide Atlantic's wildest wave
Burst the blest bonds that fav'ring Nature gave:
Connecting surges 'twixt the nations run,
Our Saxon souls dissolving into one!

Lines on Gen. Robert Edward Lee
Born Jan. 19, 1807

Si veris magna paratur
Fama bonis, et si successu nuda remoto
Inspicitur virtus, quicquid laudamus in ullo
Majorum, fortuna fuit."
—Lucan.

Whilst martial echoes o'er the wave resound,
And Europe's gore incarnadines the ground;
Today no foreign hero we bemoan,
But count the glowing virtues of our own!
Illustrious LEE! around whose honour'd name
Entwines a patriot's and a Christian's fame;
With whose just praise admiring nations ring,
And whom repenting foes contritely sing!
When first our land fraternal fury bore,
And Sumter's guns alarm'd the anxious shore;
When Faction's reign ancestral rights o'erthrew,
And sunder'd States a mutual hatred knew;
Then clash'd contending chiefs of kindred line,
In flesh to suffer and in fame to shine.
But o'er them all, majestic in his might,
Rose LEE, unrivall'd, to sublimest height:
With torturing choice defy'd opposing Fate,
And shunn'd Temptation for his native State!

Thus Washington his monarch's rule o'erturn'd
When young Columbia with rebellion burn'd.
And what in Washington the world reveres,
In LEE with equal magnitude appears.
Our nation's Father, crown'd with vict'ry's bays,
Enjoys a loving land's eternal praise:
Let, then, our hearts with equal rev'rence greet
His proud successor, rising o'er defeat!
Around his greatness pour disheartening woes,
But still he tow'rs above his conqu'ring foes.
Silence! ye jackal herd that vainly blame
Th' unspotted leader by a traitor's name:
If such was LEE, let blushing Justice mourn,
And trait'rous Liberty endure our scorn!
As Philopoemen once sublimely strove,
And earn'd declining Hellas' thankful love;
So follow'd LEE the purest patriot's part,
And wak'd the worship of the grateful heart:
The South her soul in body'd form discerns;
The North from LEE a nobler freedom learns!
Attend! ye sons of Albion's ancient race,
Whate'er your country, and whate'er your place:
LEE'S valiant deeds, tho' dear to Southern song,
To all our Saxon strain as well belong.
Courage like his the parent Island won,
And led an Empire past the setting sun;
To realms unknown our laws and language bore;
Rais'd England's banner on the desert shore;
Crush'd the proud rival, and subdu'd the sea
For ages past, and aeons yet to be!
From Scotia's hilly bounds the paean rolls,
And Afric's distant Cape great LEE extols;
The sainted soul and manly mien combine
To grace Britannia's and Virginia's line!
As dullards now in thoughtless fervour prate
Of shameful peace, and sing th' unmanly State;
As churls their piping reprobations shriek,
And damn the heroes that protect the weak;
Let LEE'S brave shade the timid throng accost,
And give them back the manhood they have lost!
What kindlier spirit, breathing from on high,
Can teach us how to live and how to die?

Providence

Where bay and river tranquil blend,
And leafy hillsides rise,
The spires of Providence ascend
Against the ancient skies.

Here centuried domes of shining gold
Salute the morning's glare,
While slanting gables, odd and old,
Are scatter'd here and there.

And in the narrow winding ways
That climb o'er slope and crest,
The magic of forgotten days
May still be found to rest.

A fanlight's gleam, a knocker's blow,
A glimpse of Georgian brick—
The sights and sounds of long ago
Where fancies cluster thick.

A flight of steps with iron rail,
A belfry looming tall,
A slender steeple, carv'd and pale,
A moss-grown garden wall.

A hidden churchyard's crumbling proofs
Of man's mortality,
A rotting wharf where gambrel roofs
Keep watch above the sea.

Square and parade, whose walls have tower'd
Full fifteen decades long
By cobbled ways 'mid trees embower'd,
And slighted by the throng.

Stone bridges spanning languid streams,
Houses perch'd on the hill,
And courts where mysteries and dreams
The brooding spirit fill.

Steep alley steps by vines conceal'd,
Where small-pan'd windows glow
At twilight on a bit of field
That chance has left below.

My Providence! What airy hosts
Turn still thy gilded vanes;
What winds of elf that with grey ghosts
People thine ancient lanes!

The chimes of evening as of old
Above thy valleys sound,
While thy stern fathers 'neath the mould
Make blest thy sacred ground.

Thou dream'st beside the waters there,
Unchang'd by cruel years;
A spirit from an age more fair
That shines behind our tears.

Thy twinkling lights each night I see,
Tho' time and space divide;
For thou art of the soul of me,
And always at my side!

The Wood

They cut it down, and where the pitch-black aisles
Of forest night had hid eternal things,
They scal'd the sky with tow'rs and marble piles
To make a city for their revellings.

White and amazing to the lands around
That wondrous wealth of domes and turrets rose;
Crystal and ivory, sublimely crown'd
With pinnacles that bore unmelting snows.

And through its halls the pipe and sistrum rang,
While wine and riot brought their scarlet stains;
Never a voice of elder marvels sang,
Nor any eye call'd up the hills and plains.

Thus down the years, till on one purple night
A drunken minstrel in his careless verse
Spoke the vile words that should not see the light,
And stirr'd the shadows of an ancient curse.

Forests may fall, but not the dusk they shield;
So on the spot where that proud city stood,
The shuddering dawn no single stone reveal'd,
But fled the blackness of a primal wood.

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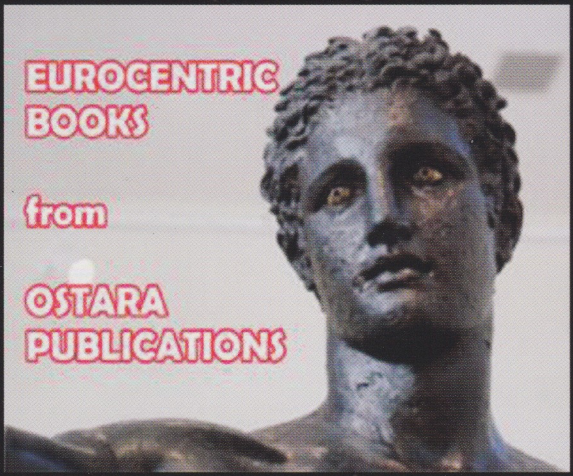

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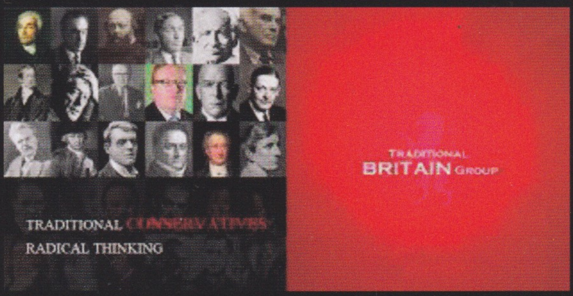

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